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VOL. 42 NO. 4

NATIONAL REVIEW

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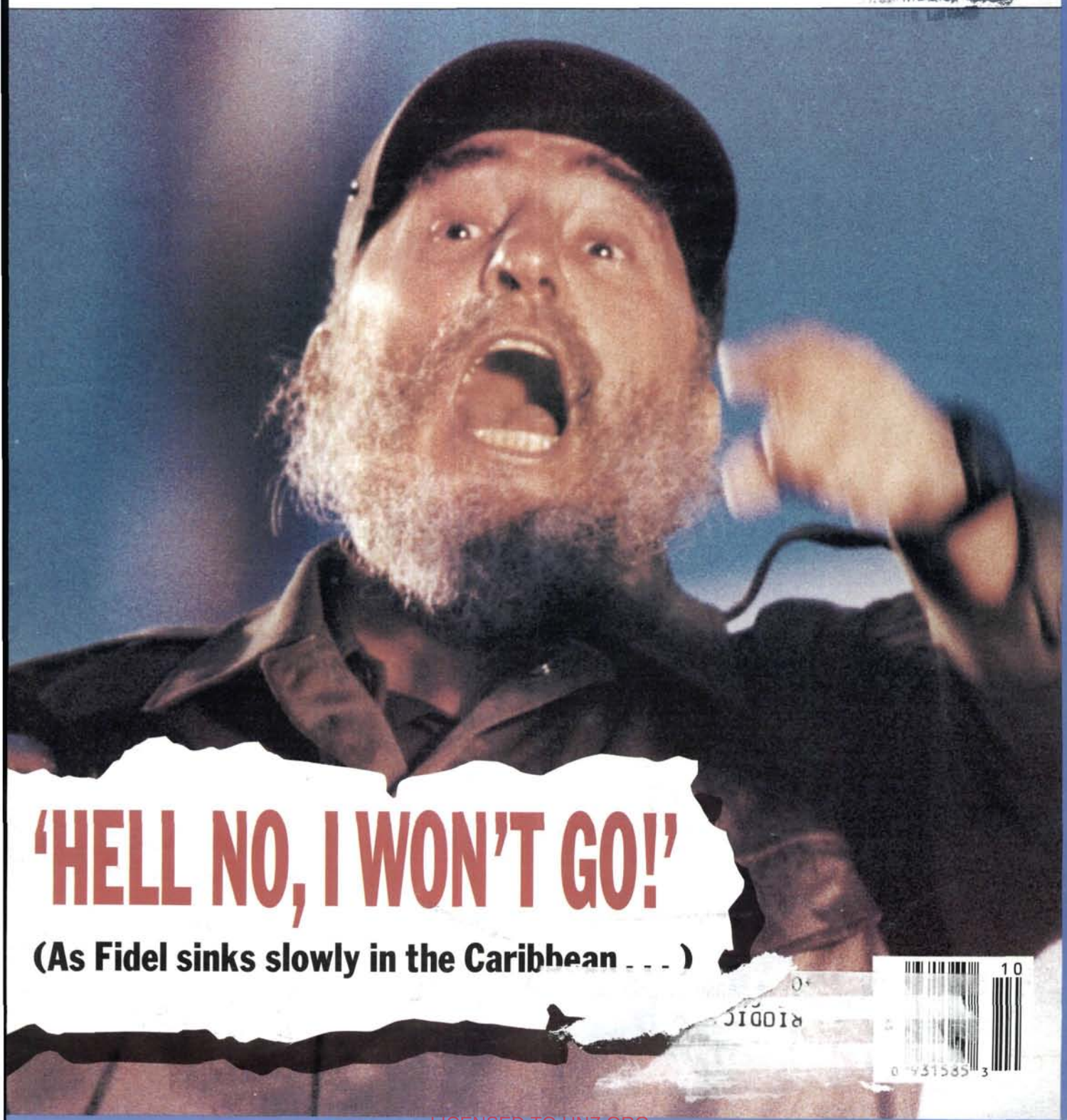

'HELL NO, I WON'T GO!'

(As Fidel sinks slowly in the Caribbean . . .)

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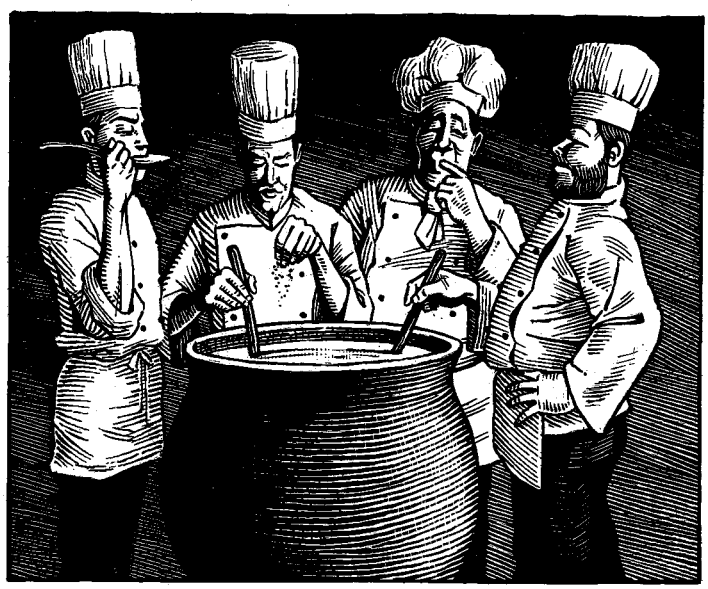

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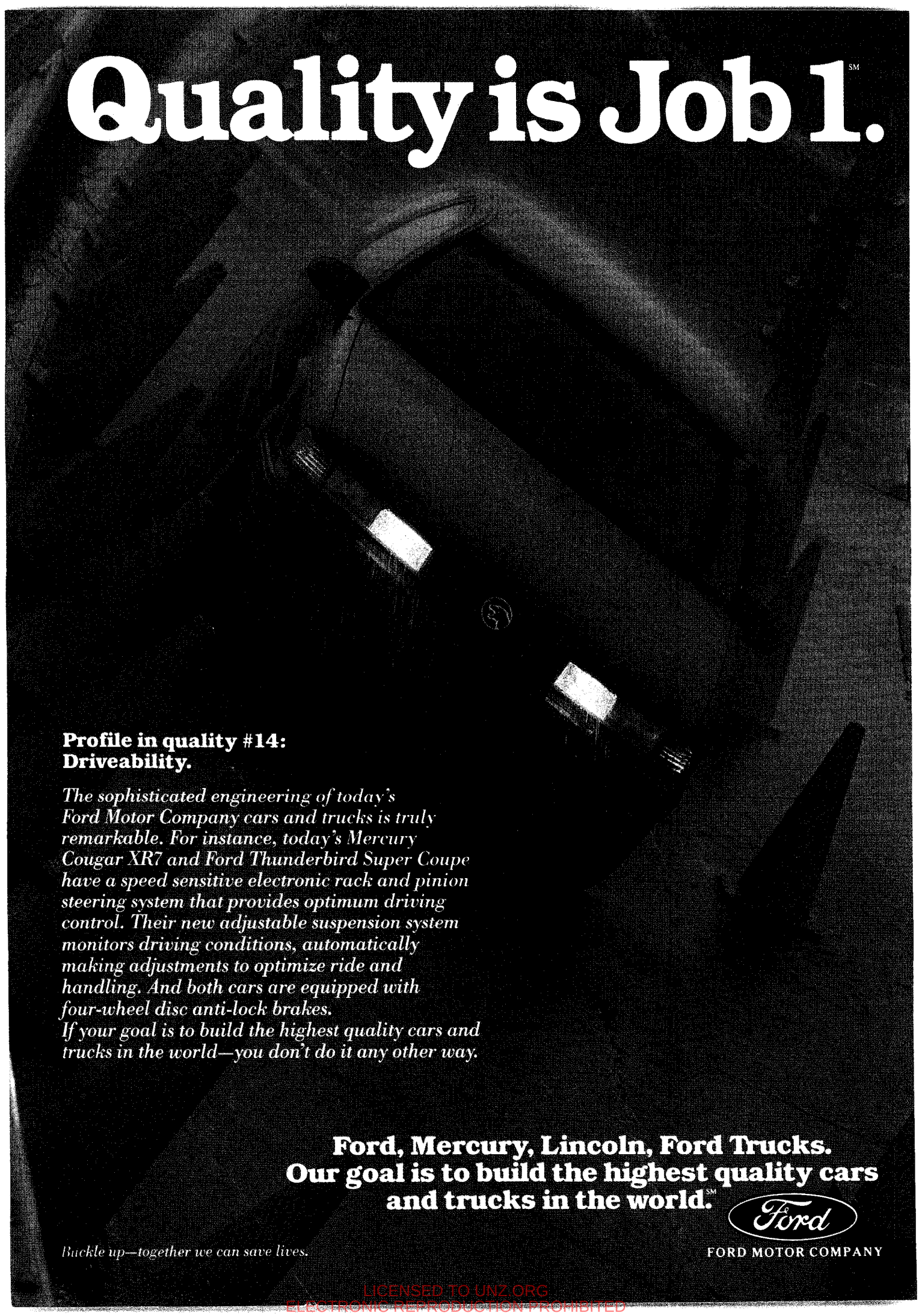

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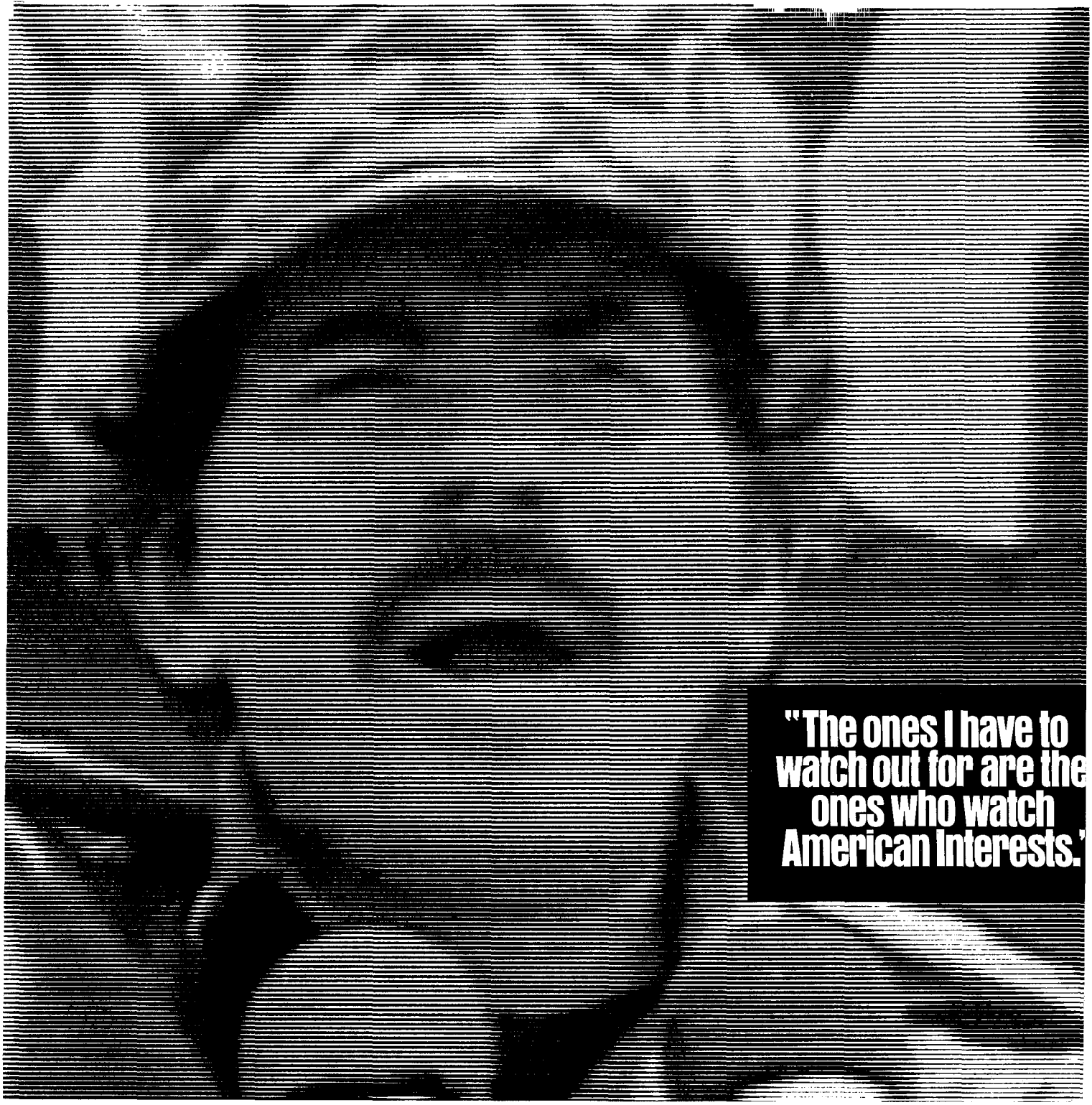

Watch out, Daniel. There's one television program that digs deep into global issues with an eye on what's really at stake for Americans.

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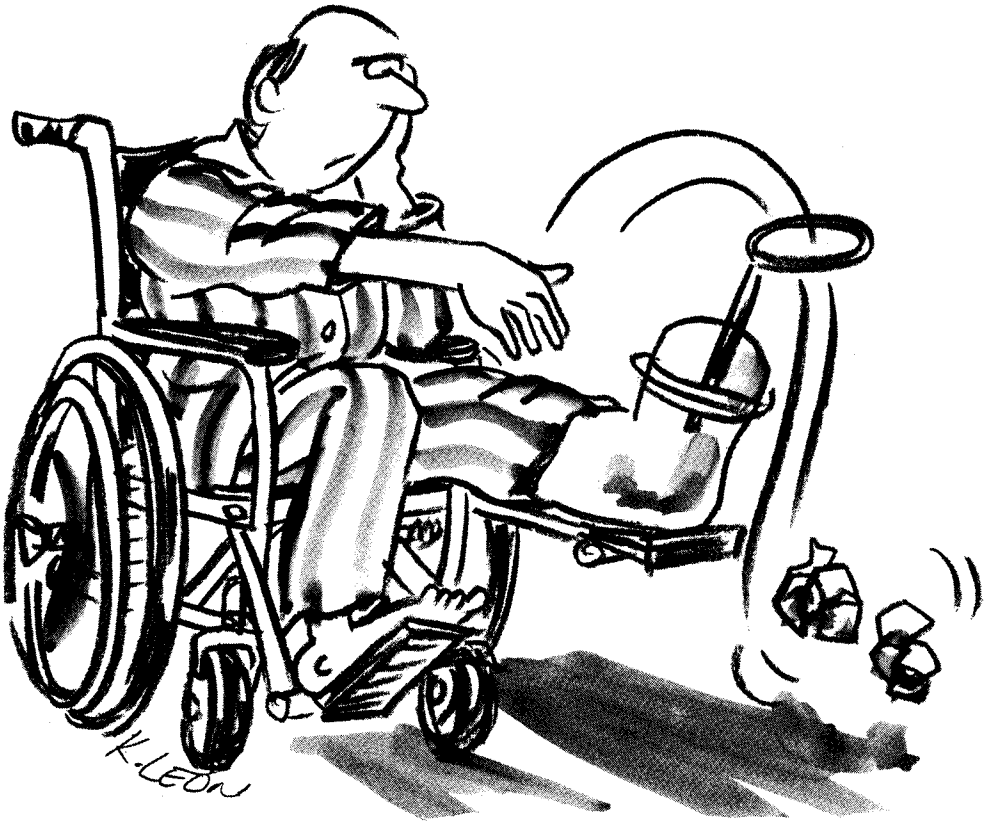

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Cover Story

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With Soviet subsidies running out and the bill for socialism coming due, **Anthony Daniels** doubts the Cuban dictator can avoid the fate of brother Ceausescu. Of course, notes **Brian Crozier**, he can still make money from the drug trade. And **Sharon Georgianna** reveals how to get snubbed by Fidel: talk to his critics.

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Don Feder is outraged to find Marxists claiming legitimacy from Judaism.

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46 The problem with John Cornwell's *A Thief in the Night: The Mysterious Death of Pope John Paul I*, remarks **Brad Miner**, is that there's no hint of a real crime—except in the author's writing. . . . **J. O. Tate** believes *From Eden to Babylon: The Social and Political Essays of Andrew Nelson Lytle* gives us an opportunity to rediscover one of America's great author–critics. . . . Premiere liberal political scientist Robert Dahl is at it again with *Democracy and Its Critics*; **Elizabeth P. McCaughey** sighs her way through another model of democracy that substitutes selfishness for enlightenment. . . . **Jeffrey Hart** applauds Saul Bellow's *The Bellarosa Connection*, a brief and bouyant novel meditating on Jews, America, and heroism. . . . **Ralph de Toledano** traces the growth of jazz and the obfuscation of Shubert. . . . The sublime landscapes of Frederic Edwin Church lead **James Gardner** to reasses his views on philosophy, enchantment, and art. . . . Having met the architectural critic and activist himself, **Seldon Rodman** is amazed that Donald L. Miller's *Lewis Mumford: A Life* leaves him respecting the man.

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LETTERS

Choosing One's Freedom

Walter Block ["Letters," Feb. 5] has criticized my article, "Markets of Local Governments" [Dec. 22], because it gives local governments power to force ends with which he does not agree. But that is the real test of freedom: Whether individuals are willing to put up with results that they do not prefer which were achieved by others using their freedom.

If a private community set as a condition for buying property which they owned, that trucks are not able to park in a driveway, and an individual signed a contract to that effect, he would probably not be able to park trucks in his driveway. I would not like to live in such a community, but I would not agree to join it in the first place. If someone else does join, that is his business.

Block makes a good point that local governments differ from pure contracts in that the former are more open-ended than the latter. It is true that governments would have to make more explicit beforehand what property rights are retained by owners. But this is not a problem particular to local government. Indeed, one of the great needs in the U.S. is to define property rights better at both the national and state levels.

A prior definition of property rights is essential to any market solution and your correspondent is probably correct that I should have mentioned this in the article. Of course, a local government will always be more open-ended than a covenant, but it also may be more efficient to make needed adjustments over time. It is, perhaps, even a second-best solution to a private market; but, with property rights defined, it is a much freer solution than one imposed by the national state.

Donald Devine
Alexandria, Va.

Who's Oppressing Whom?

I beg to differ with Erik von Kuehnelt-Leddihn's laundry list of "who's oppressing whom" in the Communist camp ["Xenophobia on the March," Jan. 22], with specific reference to his cavalier statement that the Serbs are oppressing Slovenes, Croats, Albanians, and others in Yugoslavia. One of the central myths of Titoism, this lie has been used both to discredit the prewar regime and to rally various reluctant ethnic groups to Belgrade's cause (cf. Nora Beloff's *Tito's Flawed Legacy*). The ethnic scapegoating of Serbs has gone on for so long that many minorities automatically and ritually cite it when pressing their own long lists of economic and political woes. Current Yugoslav reality has the Serbs trying to avoid economic disaster and physical genocide, which just doesn't add up to their "oppression" of others.

Drage Vukcevich
Department of Government and Politics
University of Maryland
Columbia, Md.

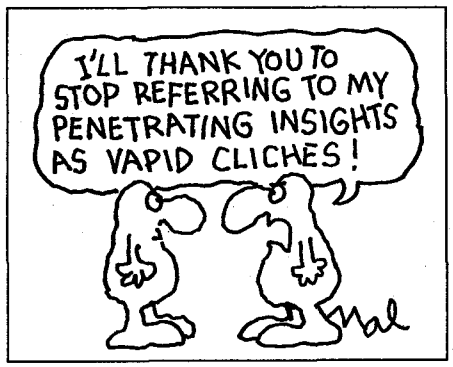
Dubious Still

You claim that the prosecution of Manuel Noriega in the U.S. is illegal because it is of dubious legality to try a foreign head of state in another country ["The Week," Feb. 5]. By analogy you claim it is just as illegal as trying a foreign ambassador in the U.S. for a crime the ambassador may have committed here. The ambassador, however, would have been protected by diplomatic immunity.

The fact is that Noriega was not a foreign head of state when he was arrested: President Andara had been sworn in shortly after U.S. forces began to liberate Panama. Technically, Andara was the legal head of state after he was legitimately elected by over 70 per cent of the Panamanian people who voted last year.

This election is protected by *international* law—The American Convention on Human Rights, Article 23, through the Organization of American States, signed by Panama on November 22, 1969. And, signed by Nicaragua. Also relevant is the 21st Article of the Universal Declaration on Human Rights, passed by the UN, with a yes vote from Panama, on December 10, 1948.

Brad Zerbe
Sacramento, Calif.



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How the West Was Written

I refer to the "Letters" [Feb. 5] relating to your article "The Disappearing Cowboy" [Dec. 31].

Cactus Jack brought to our attention Kid Russell, a very famous man, but I would like to bring some attention to one not so famous man: Elmore Leonard.

Elmore Leonard wrote several Westerns, but his *Hombre* was chosen as one of the 25 best of all time by Western Writers of America, Inc. I put it on my bookshelf just to the right of *The Virginian* in a place all their own.

Let me give you the proposition in *Hombre*. "Now, nobody questioned why he had walked down that slope. What we asked oureselves was why we ever thought he wouldn't." Hemingway would have been proud of that sentence.

Paul H. Davis
Princeton, W.Va.

The Rules, Ms. Schroeder

There is perhaps no better evidence of our decisive victory in Panama than that the fifth estate is reduced to reporting a teapot tempest: Should Captain Bray of the military police be awarded the Combat Infantry Badge?

The issue has never been sex discrimination, but Military Occupational Specialty (MOS) discrimination. Army Regulation 672-5-1 is unambiguous. The recipient must be "An individual . . . with infantry MOS who subsequent to 6 December 1941, has satisfactorily performed duty while assigned or attached as a member of an infantry unit of brigade, regimental, or smaller size during . . . active combat."

Thousands of deserving soldiers have been denied the CIB because they were not infantry (MOS 11B). Take, for example, the artillery forward observers attached to infantry units in Vietnam. They went into combat carrying an excruciatingly heavy backpack radio in addition to their personal equipment. The radio antenna made them a target of choice, yet these men did not receive the Combat Infantry Badge: their MOS was O5B.

Was this fair? No. Should there be an award for anyone who serves in the front line during sustained combat operations? Yes. This attempt, however, by Representative Schroeder to make this an issue of sexual politics, or of the news

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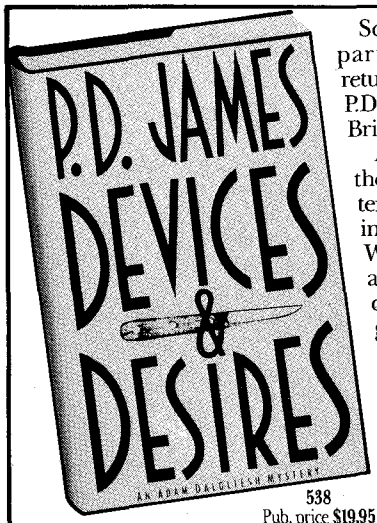

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In *Devices and Desires*, James serves up the intrigue with all her usual trimmings: superb writing, evocative settings and a cast of characters that stick with you long after the skillfully arranged puzzle has been solved. In other words, here is James at her best.

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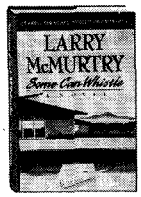

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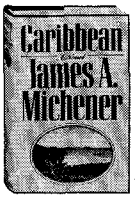

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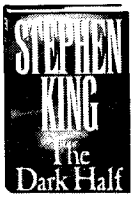

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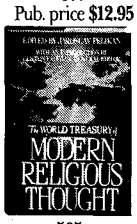

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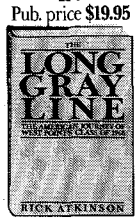

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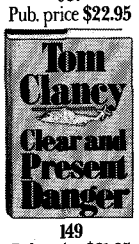

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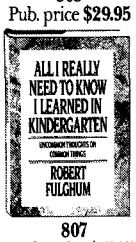

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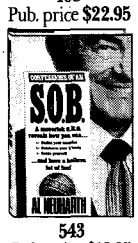

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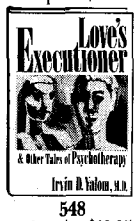

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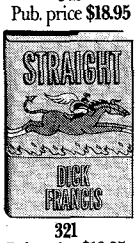

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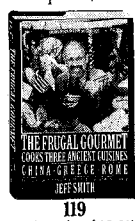

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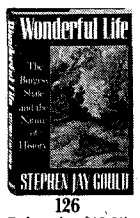

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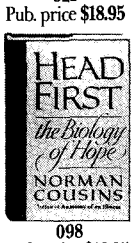

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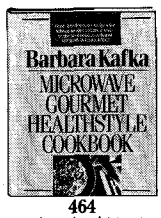

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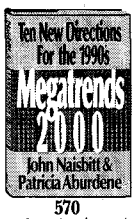

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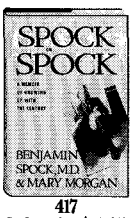

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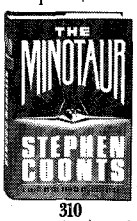

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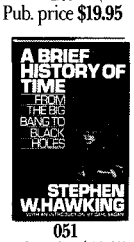

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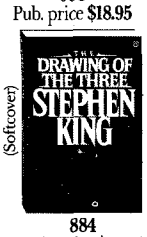

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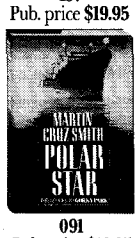

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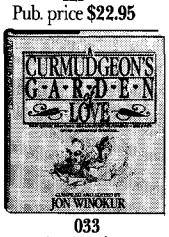

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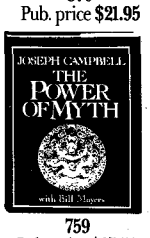

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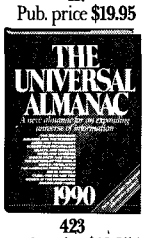

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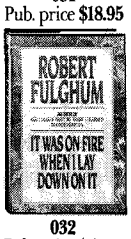

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media to portray it as an effort to minimize the role of women in the armed services seems like either prevarication or gross ignorance. None of the males from the 98th MP company will be getting the Combat Infantry Badge either, but Ms. Schroeder hasn't taken up their cause. Be assured, if Captain Bray were male the army wouldn't be in the "doghouse" over Panamanian kennels.

Sherman McCall
Ft. Clayton, Panama

Building a Better Architecture

James Gardner's review ["The Shock of the New," "Books, Arts, and Manners," Dec. 22] has left me confused and disoriented. In contemporary circles, classical architecture is surrounded by all forms of fashionable accommodation, be it Neo-Marxism, deconstructivism, or post-modernism. Thus surrounded, classicism is overwhelmed and summarily dismissed as, at best, a "re-enactment of earlier styles," or "content with an archaeologist's knowledge of earlier practice," if not, which is usually the case in more heated discussions, simply compared "to the Nazis." In such amiable circumstances, it is easy to see the difficulty Mr. Gardner faces in his review, and why it does little to recover a coherent architectural discussion.

Aristotle defines art as imitative. The source of that imitation is nature; the burden for the artist is to transmit the discovery of this insight via representation. Tradition conveys this discovery over time, and is the means by which that representation is focused upon broad but well-defined parameters. Only in this way can art, or for that matter architecture, remain coherent, and the meaning of their forms have value beyond the day.

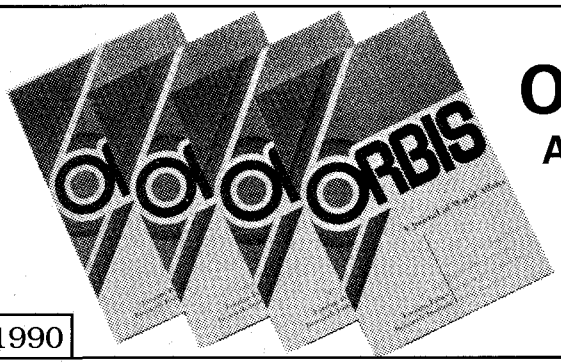
I can only presume that from a misunderstanding of the role of representation, is Mr. Gardner able to call Leon Krier a "rabid post-modernist bent on bulldozing away the modernist heritage." I am cautious to speak on another's behalf, but when Mr. Gardner identifies Mr. Krier's thought with a "post-modernist" viewpoint he reveals a critical flaw in his analysis. The fact is that "modernist heritage" remains an oxymoron. The principles of modernism have always been, and remain a rejection of tradition and heritage as such. Thus any "bulldozing away," which Mr. Krier may recommend, could only serve as a recovery of that common ground from which the modernists were so willing to sever us.

My confusion with this review deepens as I read that "conservatism is leagued with modernism . . . ," and that any movement away from modernism, "has been viewed with dismay by the American cultural Right." This sounds like a graduate-school generalization to me, not to mention some half-baked Hegelian notion of a "cultural Right."

Needless to say, I think Mr. Gardner has missed the point. Prince Charles has served as an enlightened spokesman against the destruction of our cities and classical architecture. The Prince is aware that the institutions of Western civilization are valuable. Thus our debt and obligation remains to preserve their representation in architectural form. The principles of classical architecture, which embrace styles as diverse as the Gothic to the Byzantine, are endowed with abundant symbolism to maintain such a tradition. One's need to distort these forms for the sake of some "artist's intuitive comprehension of an earlier process," is symptomatic of the lip-service contemporary architecture pays democracy.

Peter J. Talty
New Haven, Conn.

Though I must take Mr. Talty at his word when he calls himself "confused and disoriented," I feel it a little unfair of him to lay all the blame on me. Despite the unconquerable opacity of his letter, I gather he is annoyed by my defense of modernism and my attack on classicism and the Prince. He will be happy to know, then, that my article defended classicism and the Prince and attacked modernism, though with reservations on both accounts. As for Aristotle: He wasn't talking about architecture, and even if he had been, as Mr. Occam says, "Quod de hoc censuerit Aristotelis, non curo!" *As for Leon Krier: It is correct to call him a post-modernist, since he is so called by Charles Jencks and Heinrich Klotz, both of whom claim to have invented the term. As for the propriety of speaking of a "modernist heritage": Modern architecture has been around more than sixty years, and for those of us who are mortal, sixty years is a long time. As for my reference to the Cultural Right, I should have said, with greater specificity, "that part of the Right best represented by publications like* The New Criterion." *As for Mr. Talty's remark about classical architecture's embracing Gothic and Byzantine, he is wrong, it does not. Finally, as I have no idea what Mr. Talty is saying when he talks of "symptomatic . . . democracy," I shall assume we agree. The upshot: The best that can be said of modernism is that it is sometimes great. The worst that can be said of post-modernism is that it is never good. I have no doctrinal aversion from it, and shall, if it gets better, gladly endorse it.* —JG



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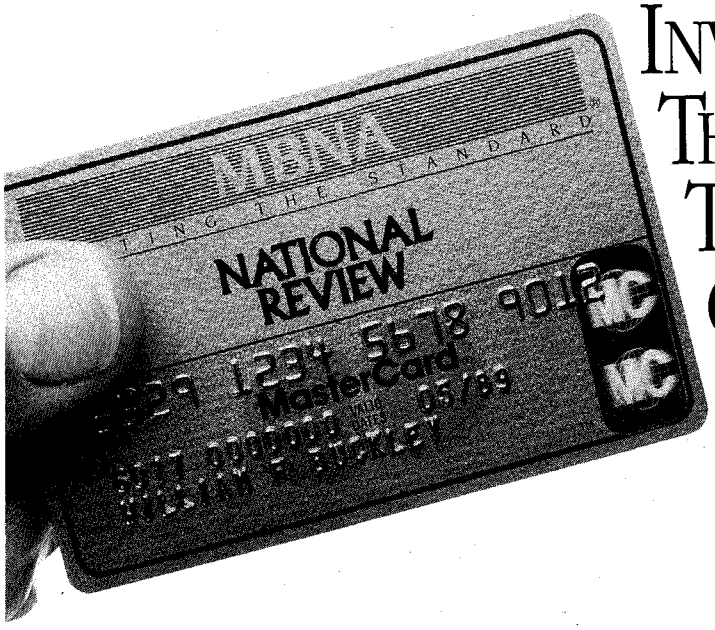

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FROM THE EDITOR

By the Left, March

■ My esteemed colleague, senior editor Joe Sobran, and I were recently dining with the head of news and current affairs of Denmark's new private-enterprise television station. (Yes, *perestroika* has reached even Scandinavia.) She complained that, what with the daily more exciting developments in the Eastern bloc, Europeans were getting no news from America.

"Don't worry," said Joe, "We're not getting news from America either."

I quote this to explain that here at NATIONAL REVIEW we are uncomfortably aware that we are providing our readers with an unusually heavy diet of articles on events abroad, particularly in Eastern Europe. There is, however, no alternative. The collapse of Communism is a major historical event (a.k.a. big story), and the U.S. is economically more prosperous and politically more tranquil than it has been for many a year. Under Jimmy Carter, we had more news from America than we wanted to print.

■ Still, now that the West has won the cold war, more or less, the battle is on between liberals and conservatives as to who will win the interpretation. In this issue [p. 38], Tom Bethell details how the mainstream press is ingeniously depicting the West's victory as a defeat for conservatives. Indeed, he had so many examples that he had to leave out one particularly crass attempt to pressgang Eastern European anti-Communists into the liberal column. It came from the pen of Michael Gartner, president of NBC News, who moonlights as the *Wall Street Journal*'s cracker-barrel philosopher. Supposedly as independent-minded as all heck, but always spouting liberalism of the most conformist kind in the end, he recently worried that young Americans were not following the revolutionary example of young people in Eastern Europe and suggested that they should "march for" good causes like gun control.

Well, here goes. The reason why young Poles, Czechs, and East Germans marched and demonstrated was that their Communist rulers did not allow the expression of dissenting opinion in the press and broadcasting. They were seeking, among other things, the free speech that American young people take for granted and that advocates of gun control regularly exploit. Had the literate and articulate young people of Eastern Europe already possessed it, they would probably not have marched since marching is, in itself, an extremely primitive method of communication. A skeptic is more likely to be persuaded by a syllogism than by a quickstep.

I never imagined I should have to explain this to a journalist.

■ I once introduced the late T. E. "Peter" Utley to a Philadelphia Society audience in New York as "the William F. Buckley of the United Kingdom." That was not wholly accurate (though flattering to both), but it conveyed an important point of similarity. Both men had managed to inspire a generation of young conservatives by being manifestly cleverer and more amusing than their opponents on the Left, and to influence in particular a generation of young conservative journalists. (There is a cost to this: the literary style of each is inimitable but widely imitated.)

Peter died last year, but a selection of his journalism, with a foreword by Margaret Thatcher (to whose speeches he occasionally contributed), has just been published in Britain under the title, *Tory Seer* (Hamish Hamilton). Those who enjoy watching my colleague eviscerate heretics with the utmost politeness on television will derive a similar pleasure from reading Peter's cool Tory ironies at the expense of socialists, left-wing churchmen, compassioneering liberals, Tory backsliders, and an entire paddy-wagon of the usual suspects. They will also imbibe much political wisdom without noticing. —JOHN O'SULLIVAN

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ON THE RECORD

■ Is Soviet military still a threat? With dramatic changes in Soviet Union (namely, Communists giving up monopoly on power) West is more likely to offer assistance. **Richard Gasparre**, in *Jane's Soviet Intelligence Review*, states: "military reform [in USSR] is necessary to create the psychological conditions under which the West will make substantial contributions. . . . Western loans would help Soviet economic planners avoid a massive increase in the money supply, and therefore would help contain the short-term costs of *perestroika*." . . . In two reports, CIA Director **William Webster** says the Soviet active measures and espionage have increased despite talk of easing tensions. And end-of-year *New York Times* story concludes, Soviets "have not slackened their vigorous efforts to steal Western technology." . . . Back at home, January *New York Times* poll found 61 per cent of Americans believe Defense budget should either be increased or should remain the same. Some 45 per cent in *Wall Street Journal*/NBC poll believe cold war is not yet over. Some 61 per cent have a favorable opinion of **George Bush**, 51 per cent of Soviet leader **Gorbachev**. . . . Lithuanian parliament approved resolution declaring Soviet annexation of Baltic state "unlawful and invalid." Resolution calls for abolishing all ties to Soviet Union.

■ Rumblings in Eastern Europe continue. In poll by **Central Institute for Youth Research**, 76 per cent of East Germans would vote for German reunification, up from 48 per cent in same poll conducted in November. Also, East German Social Democratic Party (SPD), favorite of social democrats in West, would receive 54 per cent of vote if elections were held today; the Communist Party, 12 per cent. . . . Senior advisor to Chancellor **Helmut Kohl** thinks East Germany could soon be insolvent; statement did not get much support from colleagues and West German business leaders. . . . After four decades, Hungary and Vatican have restored diplomatic ties. Last summer Poland (home of **Pope John Paul II**) became first Warsaw Pact country to resume dealing with Holy See. . . . **Emilio Castro**, head of World Council of Churches (WCC), conceded organization's erring in not criticizing Rumania for religious persecution and human-right violations under **Nicolae Ceausescu**. In August 1988, Rumanian Orthodox **Metropolitan Antonie** of Transylvania threatened to walk out of WCC committee meeting if human-rights violations were discussed; they weren't. Keeping silent is "the price we thought we needed to pay in order to help the human-rights situation inside Rumania." . . . International Security Council reports that former U.S. assistant secretary of state **Gaston Sigur** made trip to North Korea in October to talk with Vice President **Yi Chong-Ok**, foreign minister **Kim Yong-Nam**, and others. Sigur suggested U.S. will try to improve relations with Communist North Korea by lifting ban on export of U.S. goods. This is same government Soviet politburo member **Alexander Yakovlev** criticized for its "closed-door policy."

■ EMPOWERMENT is the word for House Republicans this congressional session. Party Leader's Legislative Agenda is overflowing with ideas to take power from Federal Government and give to people in form of tax credits and choice. Agenda subheadings include: Head Start, Education Excellence Act, Magnet Schools, HOPE (Housing Opportunities for People Everywhere), Family Savings Account, Earned-Income Tax Credit, Senior Voluntarism, Empowering the Disabled, and many more goodies. It is of course only agenda of leaders of *minority*, but it's got to be in it to win it. . . . **Gary Bauer**, former domestic-policy advisor to **Reagan** and now president of the **Family Research Council**, proposes peace dividend should be used to raise dependent exemptions for parents, which, he says, have not kept pace with inflation, from $2,000 to $6,300. . . . *Boston Herald* poll in Massachusetts finds Bay Staters have more faith in GOP than in longtime monopoly Democratic Party. Race to succeed Gov. **Dukakis** is heating up. Democratic caucuses gave one-third of delegates to liberal **Frank Bellotti** and one-third to more liberal Lt. Gov. **Evelyn Murphy**. Most of rest uncommitted, though controlled by Senate President **William Bulger**, ally of race newcomer Boston U. President **John Silber**. Some think Silber may run independent if he does not get party nod; but for the moment, "Though I haven't changed my party, . . . my name is now John Uncommitted." . . . Conservative House Minority Leader **Stephen Pierce** leads **William Weld**, assistant attorney general under **Meese**, 53 to 37 per cent in GOP race. Over three hundred participated in Republican caucus this year as compared to only twenty in 1986.

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"Do you take Czechs?"

■ In last few years, four judges appointed by former President **Jimmy Carter** have been impeached or have gone on trial. **Alcee Hastings**: impeached by Senate for disreputable acts and for leaking confidential information from a wiretap; **Harry E. Claiborne**: Senate impeachment for tax evasion; **Walter L. Nixon**: Senate impeachment for lying to a grand jury about indicted son of business associate; **Robert P. Aguilar**: now on trial for violating RICO laws. . . . Rep. **Craig Washington** succeeded deceased Rep. **Mickey Leland** (D., Tex.). Washington has five children: two by wife of 24 years, one by former girlfriend, and two by woman he hopes to marry after he divorces wife.

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THE WEEK

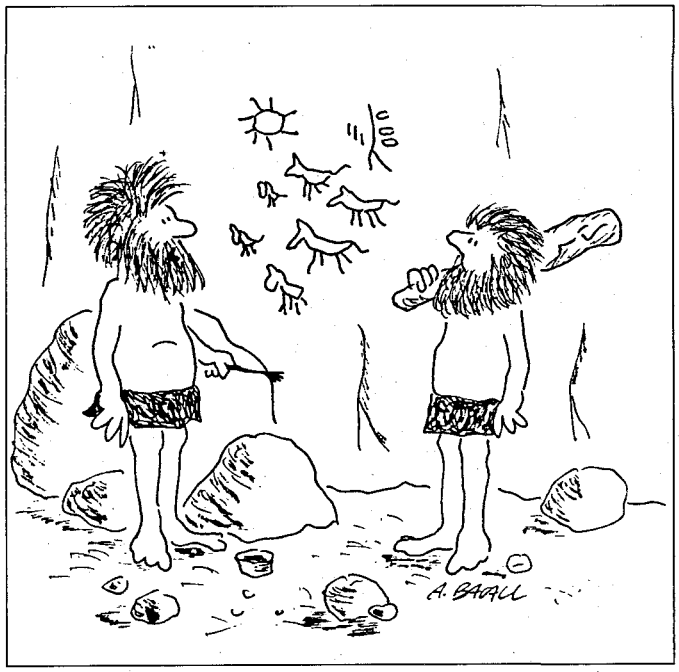
■ As the cold war winds down, Congress cries, "Bring the bases home!"

■ Remember when your mama said to be careful what you wished for, you might get it? That's the fix the Democratic Congress is in now vis-à-vis defense. For years they have been arguing for cuts in military spending, confident that no Republican Administration would ever take them up on it. But now Defense Secretary Richard Cheney has put forth a defense strategy that retains America's deterrent capabilities—the very thing that brought us where we are today—while cutting that part of the budget that serves only to return members to Congress every two years. Indeed, where the Democrats have been looking at the "peace dividend" as a new bundle of money to spend, Secretary Cheney saw it as an opportunity to axe 35 useless military bases around the country. Other Cheney initiatives would eliminate outdated weapons systems such as the M-1 tank, a sixty-ton heavy-armored vehicle meant mainly for use in a European land war. Last year the chairman of the Senate Armed Services Committee's subcommittee with jurisdiction over weapon systems, Carl Levin, singlehandedly saved an M-1 factory in his native Michigan (where else). Already the Democrats are complaining that most of the slated closings are in Democratic areas—not surprising given their majority in Congress. Checkmate, Cheney.

■ In the wake of a federal judge's ruling that begging is among our precious First Amendment freedoms, New York's Port Authority Bus Terminal invented a solution to its panhandler problem: it now requires beggars to get permits. The utter beauty of this idea is that it would allow no more than twenty beggars at any one time in the vast building. The one slight drawback is that it appears to be, in the words of one official, "almost impossible to enforce." In the first week, only two beggars bothered applying for permits, perhaps because there is some obscure connection between their inability to order their lives for the future and the fact that they are beggars.

■ The media agony of Father Bruce Ritter, the founder of Covenant House, the national organization which succors runaway children from the clutches of the sex industry, began when a mentally disturbed homosexual prostitute accused Father Ritter of having given him thousands of dollars in Covenant House funds, and of having had a sexual relationship with him. The young man's father said he was a liar. But two other people came forward with similar stories, and Father Ritter is under investigation by the Franciscans, his order. We trust them to find the truth. But one thing is already clear. Father Ritter has run Covenant House by putting himself and his colleagues on the line, emotionally and financially, over and over again. For years, he has spent his days wrestling for souls in a hell few of us can even imagine. If it turns out that, along the way, he has fallen over the line, it will be interesting to see if his lapses are treated as indulgently as those of, oh, certain senators.

■ Sentenced: CBS humorist Andy Rooney, to three months suspension without pay from his commentary slot on *60 Minutes*. Apprehension and punishment followed swiftly on the heels of a gay newspaper report that Rooney had made politically incorrect remarks about blacks. Rooney, who recently angered the gay lobby, was quoted as saying that "blacks have watered down their genes because the less intelligent ones are the ones that have the most children. They drop out of school, do drugs, and get pregnant." Rooney surrendered quietly to tolerance police, but protested that he was innocent. That's what they all say. It's getting to be a familiar pattern: a well-known figure says (or is said to have said) something that offends a powerful victim lobby. Immediately, there are cries of outrage and demands for punishment. The offender's head is delivered up as a gesture of appeasement. But in this ritual, the bur-



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"There! That should be good for quite a few doctoral dissertations in the future."

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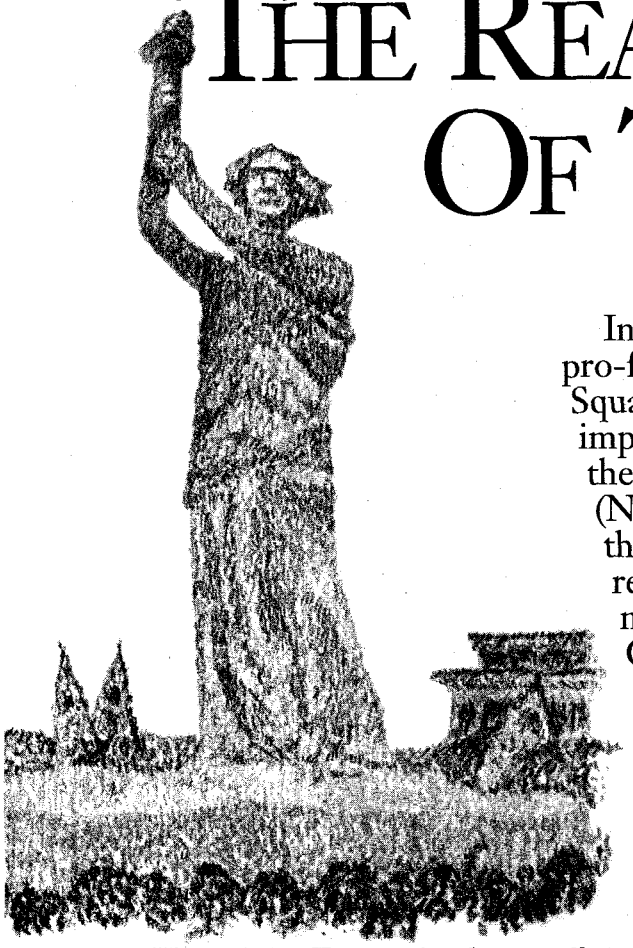
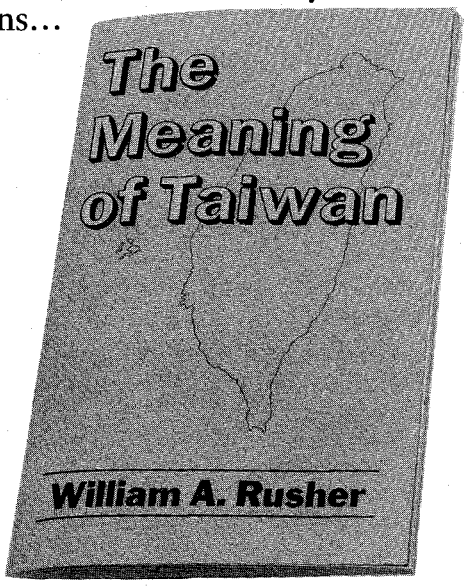
THE REAL MEANING OF TAIWAN.



In the wake of the bloody suppression of the pro-freedom demonstrations in Peking's Tianamen Square in June, 1989, it has become more important than ever for Americans to understand the strategic and political significance of the (Nationalist) Republic of China on Taiwan, the island of 20 million prosperous and resolutely anti-Communist Chinese just 100-miles across the Strait of Formosa from the Communist-controlled mainland. In this new booklet, William A. Rusher briskly describes for Americans...



- ☐ *What role has Taiwan played repeatedly in the long history of China?*
- ☐ *How did Chiang Kai-shek manage to turn it into an anti-Communist bastion in little more than a single year?*
- ☐ *What achievement of the Nationalist government is known around the world as "The Miracle of Taiwan"?*
- ☐ *What role did knowledge of Taiwan's prosperity play in the student uprisings in Peking and elsewhere in Red China in the spring of 1989?*
- ☐ *How real is the danger of a Communist invasion of Taiwan?*
- ☐ *What other military threat concerns the Free Chinese even more than the possibility of invasion?*
- ☐ *What steps has the government in Taipei taken, just within the past three years, to increase the political freedom of the people of Taiwan?*

Over the past 28 years, William A. Rusher has visited Taiwan on many occasions. He has now brought this formidable experience to the task explaining, for the benefit of his fellow Americans, "The Meaning of Taiwan"– a brisk, brief, readable booklet on a subject of growing importance.

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den of proof is not on the accuser but the accused. No presumption of innocence exists.

■ A few years ago, Norman Lear fumed over the cancellation of *Lou Grant*, a death that was allegedly hastened by Ed Asner's loopy political statements. In Voltairean tones, Lear declared that, though he might not agree with Asner's remarks, he would surely defend his right to make them. Accordingly, we expect Lear to rush to the defense of Andy Rooney. That would, after all, be The American Way.

■ Local prosecutors have decided to re-prosecute Raymond Buckey of the McMartin Preschool, despite a jury's verdict of "not guilty" on the overwhelming majority of charges of child sex abuse. Thus, after the longest trial in United States history, pretrial detention for Mr. Buckey of nearly five years, a media witch-hunt, and a long run of prosecutorial abuses, the county plans another go at it. At the risk of aligning *NR* with pedophilia, the history of this case suggests that some rough semblance of justice is more likely to be found in the jury's decision than in the efforts of this particular prosecuting team. We have considerable qualms about the criminal justice system, but we adhere to the notion that the state must prove guilt beyond a reasonable doubt—and that normally it has only a single opportunity to do so.

■ After 15 months in outer darkness former Senator Lowell Weicker (R. sort of, Conn.) is thinking of running for governor: The incumbent, Democrat William O'Neill, registers just a sliver higher on the approval charts these days than Michael Dukakis. GOP liberals—who lost control of the Connecticut party when Weicker was ousted in 1988—see a Weicker candidacy as a way to stop conservative Republican congressman John Rowland, the probable Republican gubernatorial nominee. Weicker himself suggests he may run as an independent should he fail to get the nod. BuckPac—the conservative anti-Weicker PAC that probably made the difference in Weicker's reelection attempt in 1988—could ride again.

■ Television programs on black stations attribute the engineering of the pyramids, the development of medicine, and solutions to the problem of the origin of the universe to blacks. Professor Martin Bernal of Cornell, a black government professor and the author of *Black Athena: The Afro-Asiatic Roots of Classical Civilization*, argues that Egyptian civilization was essentially black-African, and that ancient Greece was colonized by Egyptians. There is scant support for this in the historical record. The ancient Egyptians did not depict themselves as black. The mummies are not negroid. Herodotus depicts the ancient Greeks as blond. No doubt the ancient world was a sea of shifting ethnicities, but the argument that everything worthwhile in civilization emanated from central Africa is, on the evidence, intellectually threadbare. Still, those who propagate such notions can hardly claim that courses in Western civilization are "ethnocentric."

■ The new federal Court of Veterans Appeals heard its first case, which concerned disability benefits for a veteran who died in 1980. The chief judge wondered why the VA hadn't seen fit to deal with the claim sometime during, say, the 1980s. Simple, explained the VA's Pamela L. Wood: The family's lawyer had sent the VA too many letters of inquiry, each of which "delays the process further." Claimants who want to expedite things, she said, ought to "do nothing." Someone seems to have given similar advice to the VA bureaucracy.

■ Overheard at the White House Mess: "We've got to get the right spin on these changing paradigms."

■ Asbestos is safe, acid rain harmless, and Perrier needs a health warning.

Death Throes of a Dinosaur

SO, RELUCTANT and protesting, the Soviet one-party system is being dragged through the bankruptcy courts.

The little Bolshevick sect founded in 1903, which (still only 115,000 strong) took power in 1917, saw itself as uniquely understanding the laws of society and hence uniquely empowered to bring history to its foreordained conclusion in a perfect society. The problem round the beginning of the century was that, already, Marx's predictions were clearly not working out. Lenin saw this too. His solution was, in effect, to found a party to take over from historical necessity the task it was failing to fulfill. It was rather as if an addict of that other nineteenth-century pseudo-science, phrenology, had found that bumps on the

Why Cuomo Makes Plans

Though clerics contemplate his soul
  As if it were a kite
That, tailless, does a loop-the-loop
  At an unpleasant height,
The Governor surveys the field,
  Observing no one but
The Jackson faction in D.C.
  And Teddy in his rut.

W. H. VON DREELE

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RIGHT DATA

Clearing the Air

THE ENVIRONMENTAL PROTECTION Agency reports that emissions of sulphur dioxide—the substance implicated in acid rain—fell 35 per cent between 1978 and 1987. Airborne lead declined 88 per cent during that period; carbon monoxide 32 per cent; dust, soot, and particulate matter 21 per cent; and ground-level ozone, the main constituent of smog, declined 16 per cent.

Why, then, is the environment perceived to be in such bad shape? Environmentalist jargon may be partly responsible. We are told, for example, that 89 million Americans live in "non-attainment areas"—cities where air quality does not meet the national ozone standard. "Non-attainment" occurs when the level of "volatile organic compounds" (VOCs)—fumes emitted by gasoline, paints, solvents, etc.—exceeds 0.12 parts per million for at least one hour on as few as four days over a three-year period:

FIVE WORST CITIES BASED ON EPA OZONE STANDARDS
(1986-1988)

	1987 Population (In Millions)	VOC Level (Parts per Million)	Percentage above Standard
Los Angeles	8.3	0.34	183
New York City	8.5	0.22	83
Chicago	6.2	0.20	67
Houston	3.2	0.19	58
Baltimore*	2.9	0.18	50

* Tied with six other cities.

But a far different picture of air quality emerges when you look at a more representative set of facts:

FIVE WORST CITIES BASED ON PERCENTAGE OF TIME OZONE STANDARDS WERE NOT MET
(Percentage of Monitored Hours)

	Above 0.12 ppm	At or Below 0.12 ppm
Los Angeles	2.67	97.33
Houston	.53	99.47
Atlantic City	.49	99.51
New York	.36	99.64
Providence	.33	99.67

Angelenos obviously live in the area with the poorest air quality, but they breathe air that meets ozone standards 97.3 per cent of the time. Almost all other "non-attainment" areas actually meet federal ozone standards more than 99.4 per cent of the time.

Unfortunately, federal policy in this area is designed as if the exceptionally bad conditions that may obtain for a few hours over a three-year period were typical. The Administration's Clean Air Bill would tighten tailpipe standards, reduce gasoline volatility, and require automakers to sell by 1997 at least one million cars that run on methanol. Senate amendments would go considerably further, subjecting the entire nation to the same emission standards recently adopted by California. These provisions could cost U.S. industry $34 billion per year on top of the $17 billion already spent to comply with ozone-control laws.

Is this overkill? Consider that if we stuck with current laws, most "non-attainment" cities would probably reach attainment within five years. That's because most ozone comes from pre-1983 cars, which make up less than half the current fleet. As these cars are replaced, VOC emissions could fall another 20 per cent by 1995. —ED RUBENSTEIN

human skull were not as the teachings required, so decided to go round giving people the right bumps by clouting them on the head.

Two things differentiated the Party, then and later, from normal political organizations. First, their organizational principles, under which all decisions of the leadership had to be carried out without question. Second, as one of Lenin's most trusted lieutenants, Yuri Pyatakov, was to say, "The Communist Party is based on the principle of coercion which doesn't recognize any limitations or inhibitions."

The beginnings of a civic society had started to emerge in Russia from the 1860s, with independent courts of justice. After 1905, there was a parliament, elected it is true on a distorted basis, but yet containing opposition members, including Bolsheviks. There was an opposition press. There was a burgeoning of literature and independent thought. Both Andrei Sakharov and Aleksandr Solzhenitsyn—and Boris Pasternak too—have written approvingly about these elements of a legal order.

The October Revolution, whatever else it did, destroyed the free press, the free judiciary, even half-free parliaments and elections—this in accordance with the Party's principle that all modes of thought and action but its own were representative of the class enemy. Lenin's view was, "Our morality is completely subordinated to the interests of the class struggle of the proletariat." And this involved not only the destruction of these institutions, not only terror, but also falsification. In the early years, truths were, on the whole, no more than grossly distorted, but after 1930 a whole edifice of falsehood, presided over by the Party's Departments of Science

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and Culture, and of Agitation and Propaganda, pervaded every sphere—to the degree that last year the high-school history examinations had to be abandoned for want of even half-true textbooks. A census was suppressed in 1937 and the census board shot. Production figures were invented out of whole cloth. And so on. All in the interests of a higher good.

Immediately after the seizure of power, Lenin went to the podium and announced: "We shall now proceed to construct the socialist order." The Party was the lever by which political, social, and intellectual changes were to be enforced, regardless of whether society as a whole wanted them, tended toward them, or was in any sense ready for them. It performed this task over the years, but especially after Stalin's rise to power, by methods including, as Lenin put it, "revolutionary violence against the faltering and undisciplined elements of the toiling masses themselves." There is, in fact, no reason whatever to believe that at any time in their tenure of power the Communists could have won a free election. As it was, first the peasant majority was crushed in mass deportations and a "consciously planned" famine (as Soviet journals now put it), which cost at least ten million lives and, at the same time, brutalized the already not notably humane Party activists who enforced it.

In the successive waves of terror which followed, the Party itself saw half its membership destroyed. Those who survived, and became the new ruling class were, as has often been pointed out in Moscow lately, the product of a very "negative selection," toadies to their superiors, terrorists to the rest. High Stalinism was a time when, as the executed writer Isaac Babel put it, "today a man only talks freely to his wife, in bed, with the covers drawn over his head." A dreary, but frenzied, conformism settled on the country.

Over the past few decades the difference between official facts and figures and the truth about the economic, social, moral, ecological, and intellectual culde-sac into which the Soviet Union had been driven, built up until it became notorious among first the economic and other specialists, and then, some ten or 12 years ago, among a section of the leadership itself. What has forced the recent changes is above all this increasing realization that the Party's beliefs were untenable, its system vicious, and its future bleak.

There is still much to do, above all to drive the Party's feudal bureaucracy from its entrenchments, and to give the population time to learn the habits of civic society. But the truth has come home to roost. Fanatical Utopian concepts are dead, even among the intelligentsia. Generally speaking, the whole mistaken and murderous enterprise is being written off.

Over the years, we got used to the Soviet phenomenon. We shall now increasingly see it in a better perspective, as a large and long-lasting aberration. Our view of history is inadequate unless we take into account the political power of ideas, even of absurd fantasies, given a political mechanism for their enforcement. Reality triumphed in the end, like the much-tried hero of some three-volume Victorian novel; but it was a long struggle.

—ROBERT CONQUEST

In Darkest Massachusetts

As high-tech browns like August grass
While housing moves in a morass
Like beans in Boston's sticky dish,
Republicans, who used to squish
Disconsolately through the state,
Have roused themselves to celebrate.

W. H. VON DREELE

Executive Cowardice

AS WITH his reactions to congressional incursions upon the Executive prerogative, Ronald Reagan blinked last week when telecommunications czar (and Federal Judge) Harold Greene ordered him to testify in the trial of John Poindexter about his knowledge of the Iran–Contra affair. Choosing once again to avoid constitutional confrontation with an allegedly no-more-than-co-equal branch of the national government, the former President abandoned what looms as a battle of vast proportions on the meaning of "executive privilege." If he has not already done so by the time this appears, it seems likely now that he will also retreat from his claim that he should not have his personal diaries subpoenaed by Poindexter. Major excerpts from these have already been shared with the ludicrous and apparently permanent Independent Counsel.

NATIONAL REVIEW, having emerged on the American scene prior to 1980, has never been a reflexive exponent of executive power. We are not enamored of the view that individuals of the caliber of Ronald Reagan or George Bush will forever preside over the Executive nor, indeed, that this is particularly relevant to how the Constitution apportions governmental power. Nevertheless, if the concept of "executive privilege" has any basis in our structure of separated powers—and we believe it does—it would seem to allow Presidents of the United States to hold frank, no-holds-barred deliberations without having federal judges or congressional committees nosing around on what took place and who said what to whom. "Executive privilege" is not some arcane constitutional doctrine but rather a guarantor that the Commander-in- Chief and his principal advisors will be able to develop and execute sensitive public policies.

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Regrettably, the concept of "executive privilege" as something more than an historical curiosity is heading toward the same constitutional dustbin as "states' rights" and "limited government," in part because of less-than-exalted invocations of the concept in the past. In 1974, the Supreme Court unanimously rejected President Nixon's claim of an absolute "executive privilege" to refuse to release Watergate tapes to the special prosecutor. In making his initial claims that neither his testimony nor his diaries were subject to judicial process, Ronald Reagan has not even seen fit to use the term "executive privilege."

Reagan will now become the first former President to be compelled by a judge to testify about official actions in a criminal trial. All future Presidents as a result will have to reflect upon this precedent in the course of their decision-making. In the same way that the Freedom of Information Act, congressional micromanagement of the executive branch, and documentary "fishing expeditions" by standing committees have already altered the way that the President and his team make decisions, Ronald Reagan's submission to Judge Green will also become part of the permanent Washington landscape.

In retrospect, the decision not to pardon Poindexter and North has not only caused Ronald Reagan serious inconvenience but further undermined the vitality of the executive branch. Three-and-a-half years after the affair first became public, it is still difficult to see the final light at the end of this investigative tunnel. A little coverage then would have avoided a lot of trouble since.

Is Government Starving?

AFTER SEVEN YEARS of predicting imminent economic collapse, critics of economic policy in the Reagan–Bush era have been forced to concede that it has indeed delivered the goods. What really matters, say the new critics, is not the employment and incomes of taxpayers, but rather the sheer bulk of government. This theme was well illustrated in a passionate letter to the *New York Times* by Nobel Laureate Wassily Leontief. He quickly dismisses the second longest economic expansion in U.S. history as merely the "high point" of "the usual cyclical wave." Leontief reluctantly admits that "wholesale tax cuts" made real output and income "several billion dollars higher than it would otherwise have been," though complaining that those cuts also left the government starved for funds. In reality, real gains in the nation's combined incomes have already been several *hundred* billion dollars higher than in the previous "cyclical wave," not just several billion. And lower tax rates have yielded enormous *increases* in federal revenue, not "wholesale cuts," due largely to expanded opportunities for both workers and investors.

The U.S. economy is now 31 per cent larger than it was before President Reagan took office—an increase of nearly $1.3 *trillion* when measured in 1989 dollars. For comparison, real output rose by only 16 per cent between previous cyclical peaks, from 1973 to 1980. If the Reagan–Bush "cyclical wave" had actually been no better than the Ford–Carter period, then the total value of U.S. goods and services today would be a staggering $600 billion smaller than it is. With such a smaller economy, real tax receipts would also have been much lower. The expected share of GNP going to federal taxes is 19.9 per cent in the 1991 budget—much larger than the 18.4 per cent average from 1973 to 1980. What is far more important than these percentages, though, is the added real revenue from an economy that has grown by $1.3 trillion in real terms. Receipts from individual income taxes alone will *double* from 1980 to 1990. Adjusted for inflation, total federal tax receipts increased by more than 28 per cent in the 1980s, compared with only a 17 per cent increase in the preceding decade.

Professor Leontief asserts that "city streets and transportation facilities, water supply and sewage systems . . . are collapsing; the once glorious interstate highways are crumbling, and cramped airports are incapable of handling the rapidly increasing traffic." The air traffic is rapidly increasing, of course, because more people can afford to travel thanks to more and better jobs and deregulated air fares. To complain that this causes crowded airports is like complaining that too much affluence causes crowded restaurants. As for the "crumbling" highways, the new budget rightly points out that "grants for highways and other forms of transportation are now higher in real terms than in 1980." The alleged "collapse" of

The Ozymandias Syndrome

In Turkey, there's a head of Constantine
Once anchored to a body meters tall;
The eyes hint an imperial machine
Kept capital and countryside in thrall.
It stood till Ottomans arranged its fall,
Though for a thousand years the eyeballs stared,
A comfort to the Greeks, who built a wall
To be, like Baden-Powell's boys, prepared.
Historians confirm Venetians shared
Responsibility when Turks attacked,
Suggesting that Italians really cared
For merchandise more than a nation, sacked.
Today, like Constantine, the Lenins stand
And, till last May Day, met a marching band.

W. H. VON DREELE

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city streets and services is certainly not true of most cities, and the Federal Government has never been a significant source of city revenue. Leontief rightly complains about the quality of primary and secondary public schools, but there too the Federal Government has never accounted for more than 10 per cent of the expenses. Total U.S. spending per pupil is one of the highest in the world, far above Japan's, and it grew rapidly in the Reagan years.

Professor Leontief's essential complaint is that we have purchased a trivial increase in private well-being at the expense of a massive loss of federal revenue. Yet there has been an enormous increase in federal revenue, and an even more awesome increase in the real income and wealth of American families. And all in the face of the best professional advice.

Mandela's Finland Station

NELSON MANDELA came out of his 27-year-long imprisonment swinging. He called on the world to maintain sanctions against South Africa. He hailed the Spear of the Nation, the armed wing of the African National Congress, and declared that there was "no option" but to continue the armed struggle. Most remarkably, at a time when Communism has been crumbling like the one-horse shay, he praised the South African Communist Party and its Stalinist General Secretary, Joe Slovo—"one of our finest patriots. . . . The alliance between ourselves and the party remains as strong as it always was."

There is the chance, of course, that this was bluff: tough talk to please younger members of the ANC who have worried that the old man might have gone soft. But since Mandela and his organization had become advocates of violence and allies of the South African Communist Party by the time he was arrested in 1963, it makes more sense to see it as a case of personal and institutional consistency. If President de Klerk expects any major gesture of reconciliation, he is likely to be disappointed.

Mandela's release has aroused powerful expectations in South Africa and elsewhere of a rapid end to the white monopoly of power. Church bells rang in England to celebrate his release; Lech Walesa and Natan Sharansky made admiring remarks; George Bush phoned and invited him to drop by the White House. His more elated supporters expect him to walk into the president's mansion in Pretoria in a matter of weeks—on water, if necessary.

But this misreads the forces they must contend with. The Afrikaner elite, embodied by the National Party, has concluded that change must come. But they are, by temperament and tradition, sticklers for detail and principle. When de Klerk speaks of negotiations, he means years of them, if necessary. And meaningful negotiations will involve more groups than the ANC. They will require dealing with Chief Buthelezi, leader of the Zulu movement Inkatha, and with representatives of the five-million-strong Zion Christian Church, the largest black organization in the country, whose major political concern has been law and social order.

What then will happen when it becomes clear that apartheid is not going to be dismantled overnight? A heightening of the ANC's armed struggle? A rallying of white support to the right wing Conservative Party? Racial polarization? A breakdown of public order? And a renewed crackdown by a government that sees control slipping from its hands? This is not improbable. Remember that in South Africa, the political extremes are not a handful of militants, but millions of people on both sides.

There are, in short, great dangers ahead. Yet the U.S.'s contribution is the reduction of our own influence by maintaining sanctions. In the short term, these have had minor economic effects—the South African economy is in the midst of a modest boom—but perverse political ones, namely a sharp rise in the right-wing white vote. Contrary to Mandela's and Randall Robinson's claims, they have not forced the reform program, which has now lasted over a decade and reflects the Afrikaner elite's judgment of what is required to propitiate the demands of a rising black middle class produced by economic growth. Over the long term, a continuation of peaceful political change is impossible without economic growth and thus renewed foreign investment. Sanctions are an obstacle to this. They should be repealed, and Mr. Bush should say so without equivocation.

At Stake in Nicaragua

THE NICARAGUAN ELECTIONS will not be fair. The Sandinistas have put the entire machinery of the one-party state at the service of their campaign. The Sandinista television monopoly is relentless. The political police have intimidated campaign organizers in rural areas. Commissars in state factories and farms warn workers that they will lose their jobs if they vote for UNO, the coalition of Violeta Chamorro. The regime has prevented thousands of people registering in UNO's strongholds.

Nevertheless, the Sandinistas have been maneuvered into accepting elections that are sufficiently open to allow the will of the people to be expressed. Nicaragua will be under a microscope on February 25, and *massive* fraud will be impossible. Determined enough, the people can throw the Sandinistas out.

The Bush Administration and the Grand Press seem to have concluded, however, that Nicaraguans are satisfied with Sandinismo after all, that they will

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vote for "*continuismo*" in spite of the debacle of the last ten years. Now, it is true that the Sandinistas still have a bloc of emotional support, and that Daniel Ortega is personally respected even by Nicaraguans who hate the regime. But the conventional wisdom in Washington that the Sandinistas have the election sewn up is totally wrong. It seems to be based on polls, notably the January poll by the Boston firm Greenberg–Lake giving Ortega a 27 point lead over Violeta Chamorro. Needless to say, it is impossible to poll opposition sentiment accurately in a quasi-totalitarian country where there is pervasive fear of repression. It is hilarious to read the meticulous analysis in the Greenberg report which might well be talking about Denmark.

If Violeta Chamorro wins, it will be in spite of the ineptitude of the State Department, which held up $1.8 million in campaign funds for over a month. Miraculously, her eclectic coalition has held together avoiding a fatal—and expected—split in the opposition vote. Doña Violeta has proved to be the right candidate. Everybody knows that she is a simple woman, far out of her depth, but it hardly matters. She has become a symbol, above politics. Consequently, however, her government risks degenerating into factionalism and bickering within days. Moreover, its chief economist, Francisco Mayorga, is an unreconstructed Keynesian who seems to think he can solve hyper-inflation by increasing demand. He has learned little from Peru and Argentina. The Bush Administration must use its influence, as tactfully as possible, to put a stop to such foolishness.

The great problem will be what to do with the army and the security forces, both extensions of the Sandinista Party. There is much talk in Managua of a Polish arrangement, but the Administration should not encourage such a compromise. Nicaragua is not Poland where there is such a thing as a civilian Communist Party. The Sandinista front is essentially a military organization. It cannot be left intact. If Violeta Chamorro wins she must seize the moment, decapitate the army and dismember, limb by limb, the interior ministry of Tomás Borge. The Sandinistas must be forced to choose between defeat and a military coup, which would doom them forever.

"And finally, the stock market plunged twelve hundred points, the dollar fell, and our entire Western culture collasped when rumors spread that Mikhail Gorbachev had a nasty hangnail . . . !"

The Balkans, U.S.A.

A FEDERAL DISTRICT JUDGE in Phoenix recently struck down an amendment to the Arizona constitution making English the language "of all government functions and actions," adding a new kink to the tangled question of bilingualism.

America has traditionally tolerated a degree of local option. The official languages of the state of Hawaii are English and Hawaiian; when you drive north from Boston, you encounter great green signs proclaiming "WELCOME TO" and, in lower case, "Bienvenue à" New Hampshire. The market has also been relied upon to speak to people in the tongues they want and need. Recent proposals, in southern California, to require English on private commercial signs are clearly out of line. But the supermarket manager who suspended a cashier in Miami for speaking Spanish on the job was equally within his rights; if it hurts his business, that's his problem.

The Arizona law, however, was meant to address the issue of national cohesion at the level of politics. The problem is real. America has experienced waves of immigration in the past. What is new today is a political program of de-assimilation: the assertion that newcomers have nothing to learn about the society they wish to join—that the necessity of learning is, in fact, an infringement of their rights.

The practical effects of such aggressive parochialism would be cultural apartheid. That doesn't bother the operators who insist that Spanish or oriental languages be given parity with English. A balkanized America would give them built-in political leverage.

The cutting edge of the bilingualism issue is education. The obvious solution is immersion in English since immersion is the quickest way to learn any language. Teaching children math in Spanish ensures they will spend their lives in the Rio Grande Valley.

State-enforced pluralism may be inspected in Yugoslavia. The United States, which has far more ethnic groups, has so far managed to avoid that fate.

Greenhouse and White House

IN A SPEECH to the Intergovernmental Panel on Climate Change, which is UN-sponsored, President Bush wisely refused to endorse extreme so-called

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remedies for the "greenhouse effect." This refers to the buildup of gases in the atmosphere, and an expert scientific consensus does exist to the effect that these gases result from the burning of fossil fuels.

After that, there is no consensus. Some predict global warming, the melting of the polar icecaps, and disastrous flooding. Others deny that the gas buildup is especially dramatic. Still others regard it as in fact benign, and having the effect of countering a cyclical global-cooling trend—a Second Ice Age which was the fashionable catastrophe a decade ago.

Environmental concerns are valid, but our approach to them must be case-by-case and analytical. In Chief of Staff John Sununu, Mr. Bush has an informed advisor who will not be stampeded by the end-is-near lobby. He is that rarity among politicians, a trained scientist, and as governor of New Hampshire he saw at first hand the destuctiveness of the environmental fanatics who delayed the Seabrook nuclear-power facility for years, at extravagant cost to the taxpayers and with little basis in fact or reason. Be concerned, but keep alert politically.

NOTES & ASIDES

■ Dear Mr. Buckley:

I have wanted to ask you this question: Do you think that atheism is a religion, and if so, do you think that the Christmastime *absence* of nativity scenes and religious symbols and ceremonies from public schools and public property constitutes a form of government-sponsored religion, i.e., the "religion" of atheistic anti-Christianity?

Brian Kulesza
Chicago, Ill.

Dear Mr. Kulesza: In a word, yes. Atheism has its own gods, and they are fiercely worshipped.
Cordially, WFB

■ Dear Uncle Bill:

We came across this jewel this week, and it says it all. On CNN's *Larry King Live* show, Raquel Welch was the featured guest. King asked her about her upcoming appearance at a Chicago pro-abortion rally. What follows is transcribed word for word:

RW: "I was asked to come to Chicago because Chicago is one of our 52 states, and the mandate we've now been given on the pro-choice abortion issue is that we have to pick up the pieces . . . in 52 states across the nation, we have to bail water now out of the boat."

LK: "By 52 states, you mean fifty states and the District of Columbia and where else?"

RW: "Well, there are 52 states in the Union, so basically it means that we're running around all over the place . . ."

Thought you might have fun with it.

Sincerely,
Brent [Bozell III]
Alexandria, Va.

Dear Brent: Didn't you hear? The fifty states had a little baby! Got here just ahead of the abortionist.
Affectionately, Uncle Bill

■ Dear Bill:

I guess that Hertz had a bad year—all I got was the jet plane. I am enclosing a picture of it. You would think that when you are a Platinum Card Member they'd come up with something with more engines. I guess the thing to do is just accept it and not make a big fuss.

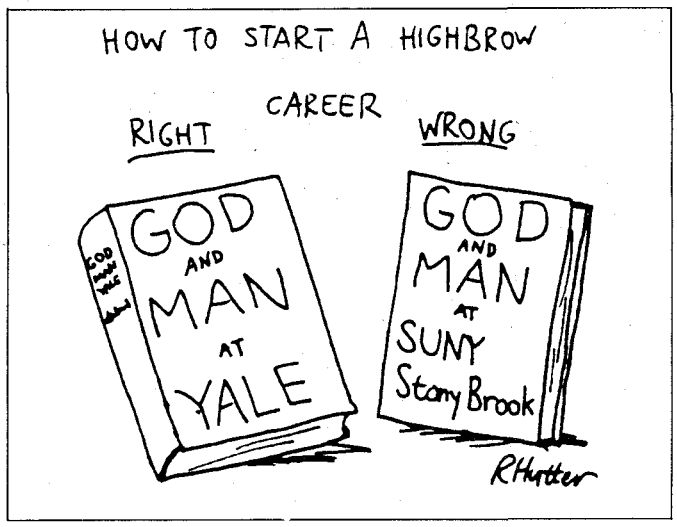
If you need a ride, let me know.

Cheers,
Art [Buchwald]
Washington, D.C.

Dear Art: I got an airplane too, but thanks anyway for the offer of a ride on yours. Now that you own Hollywood, maybe you should think of sending Mr. Hertz a present at Christmastime?
Warmest, Bill

■ William Buckley:

In case no other friend sent this along. I loved it.



Best,
Mort [Janklow]
Janklow & Nesbit Assoc.
New York, N.Y.

Dear Mort: What happened to God at SUNY? The First Amendment get Him? Cordially, Bill
—WFB

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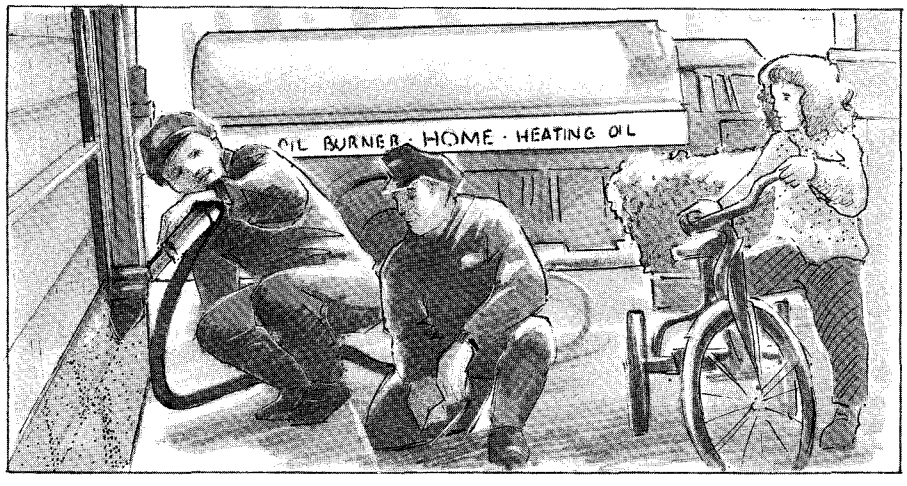
The Heating-Oil Spike

PETER SAMUEL



Jennifer Lawson

WASHINGTON, D.C.—Where was that greenhouse effect when we needed it? December, the U.S. Weather Service calculated, was the coldest month in about seventy years on the East Coast. The 12 million Americans who warm their homes with heating oil found their furnaces were using about half again as much as their normal gallonage—and when the price roughly doubled, many saw their bills tripling.

Fortunately the Arctic December was followed by an unseasonably warm January. Heating-oil consumption for the whole winter may not be far above normal, and prices have dropped sharply. However, the price spike gave politicians the occasion for some extraordinary demagoguery.

Two hearings on Capitol Hill were the setting for the worst of the rhetoric—cries of price gouging and market manipulation by Big Oil, charges that speculation was the cause of the price rise, and strident demands for antitrust investigations, government-ordered price rollbacks, and establishment of emergency stockpiles for the future. Our elected representatives, playing to the network cameras in their competition for the 15-second soundbite, demanded repeatedly to be told, "Who got the money?" despite explanations that there is a difference between gross margins and profits (costs of things other than raw materials vary too), and that quarterly profit data take some months to compute and collate.

Interestingly, a couple of Republicans outdid Democrats in their displays of populist indignation and their demands for government intervention. Congressman Toby Roth (R., Wisc.) appearing as a "witness" before the House Committee on Energy on January 9, said that one story after another had been "concocted by energy-company pr people to cover their tracks." They had made "every excuse in the book," but he added darkly, "We all know what is occurring . . . the big producers have made sure there aren't enough supplies on hand."

The weather as a factor? Not for Toby Roth. According to him December was "not unusual." Perhaps the U.S. Weather Service too was co-opted by Big Oil? Matthew Rinaldo (R., N.J.) insisted that supply and demand could not account for the December price rises and said consumers had been "bilked" and "gouged" and accused oil companies of "predatory" behavior. The argument that the price spike was caused by the very cold weather "doesn't impress anyone," he said, adding, "What is the government doing?"

Energy Committee Chairman Jim Cooper (D., Tenn.) assured us that "everyone believes in a free market" but it had "not worked" in December. Edward Markey (D., Mass.) said the "facts speak for themselves" and that the oil companies were the "culprits" because their prices had gone up far more than the costs of their crude.

In Senate hearings Joseph Lieberman (D., Conn.) opined that as a "necessity" heating oil should not be allowed to be traded in commodities and futures markets like such presumably frivolous luxuries as wheat, meat, cotton, and gasoline. He demanded government regulation of heating oil, suggesting establishment of minimum inventory levels for each company and government emergency reserves. John Glenn (D., Ohio) saw collusion in the fact that all sellers raised their prices together. Never mind that Economics 101 describes that as evidence of competition, a point neatly made by one of the industry men, who said that anyone who tried to undersell the market in December would quickly have been out of product.

There is depressing irony that precisely when the whole Communist world is being convulsed by the realization that governments simply cannot plan and command a lively economy, and are grasping that free markets are the only productive way to go, apparently intelligent United States senators and representatives should be scraping the bottom of the Marxist garbage can for their villains.

By contrast, various consumers' groups are more realistic. Citizens Energy Corporation Chairman Michael Kennedy (of the political Kennedys) quietly deflated the demagogic rhetoric against Big Oil at the Senate hearing, saying, "You must understand the reality of how oil prices are set. The international oil market is comprised of many different participants. It is not possible for the industry to be 'controlled' by a few oil companies . . . we have seen from past experience that

Mr. Samuel is a Washington journalist; this article was prepared in association with the Competitive Enterprise Institute

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unregulated energy industries are generally more effective at meeting consumer needs over the long term than are regulated energy businesses. Unpredictable occurrences like December's cold should not prompt us to abandon sound business practice and good public policy, and we should not revert to the energy regulations of the 1970s."

Kennedy said the Federal Government should help the poor through its Low-Income Heating Assistance Program (LIHEAP), but another part of the remedy is encouraging heating-oil consumers to be smarter shoppers, comparing price and service more actively. The administrators of LIHEAP could negotiate fixed-price deliveries, or secure options on the futures market to offset any sharp price spikes, he suggested.

Consumers forced to buy at the peak of a price spike like the one in December feel acutely the pain of buying when a commodity is scarce, but they should consider, also, what the high prices do for them. During December the refineries adapted their equipment to squeeze out the maximum proportion of distillate at the expense of gasoline and jet fuel. Normally they produce three times as much gasoline as distillate, but in December many had their refineries rejigged so as to produce about equal quantities of the two fuels.

Over half the Gulf Coast refineries had operating problems from the icy conditions, including frozen valves and broken pipes, but the companies drove their people around the clock to fix them. According to Robert Sharp, the Los Angeles correspondent of *Platt's Oil* newsletter, at least five enterprising traders chartered tankers on the West Coast, where fuel oil was plentiful, and quietly sent it through the Panama Canal—at the height of the Panama invasion—and delivered it to the needy Northeast. The high prices there also attracted an unusual number of tankerloads of heating oil from Western Europe, South America, and the Caribbean. With fuel oil available on the West Coast of the United States and in Europe at around 65 to 70 cents a gallon in mid December, and tanker transportation costs to the Northeastern ports at about 4 to 5 cents a gallon, the wholesale market prices of just over a dollar in New York and Boston provided a powerful lure to entrepreneurs to help sate the Northeast's thirst.

The huge profits to be made also gave suppliers the incentive to scrounge every available lighter and barge and work them hard, despite horrendous tie-ups at harbor terminals. At the householders' end of the distribution chain, retailers worked enormous hours overtime and weekends to maintain the supply. (There were deliveries where I live on Christmas day.) About half the increased demand was met by producers' and wholesalers' running down their inventory. On the demand side—my dealer told me when I called him to defer a regular delivery—the high prices had encouraged many of his customers to stretch out their own underfloor household inventory.

Government-regulated prices would wreak havoc with the incentives to make all these constructive efforts. If the price is capped, producers and transporters have no incentive to make the extra effort to supply. Hoarding of inventory and topping up is encouraged, instead of judicious rundown. And the consumer has no incentive to economize the scarce commodity. That's a surefire formula for highly distressing, disruptive run-outs, few of which occurred in December 1989. By contrast, under regulated conditions in the early 1970s, it was common for there to be no fuel at any price, even though the weather was much less severe.

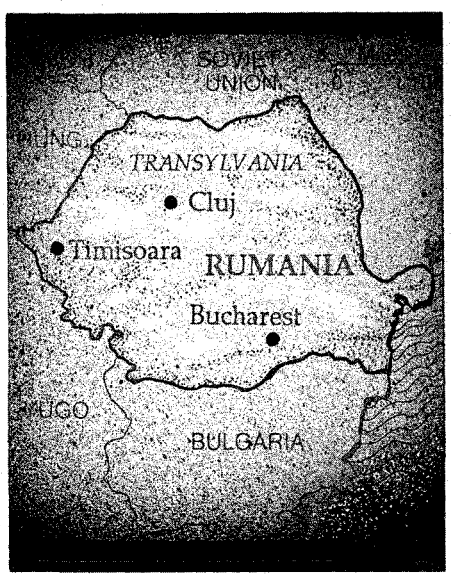
The idea of government-managed reserves is a dumb one from the viewpoint of the public interest, though the industry might like it as a way of transferring to the taxpayer the costs of carrying inventory. Government-mandated reserve levels would be arbitrary and costly. If civil servants and politicians have better judgment about the future than businesses with their money at stake, why stop at controlling inventories?

There are some positive things politicians can do. First up they could repeal the Jones Act, which mandates use of scarce American-owned and manned tankers in intra-U.S. trade; this law has prevented a number of tankerloads of fuel oil from getting to the Northeast in December. And they could encourage a new look at the effects of years of successful activist opposition to new pipelines, storages, and refineries in the Northeast. Environmentalist and not-in-my-backyard opposition has been stopping these, not sinister companies scheming to make shortages. There is not a single oil refinery in New England, although this is a huge market for oil products.

With many activists successful in curbing additions to the nation's energy infrastructure, it is inevitable that weather-produced price spikes will be sharp and painful. □

The Song Remains the Same

NOEL MALCOLM



Jennifer Lawson

THERE IS A POPULAR and old-fashioned Rumanian toy, a wooden doll with a lead-weighted, hemispherical base. Knock them over and they pop back up again. These toys have been featured more than once in Rumanian newspaper cartoons in recent weeks, in recognition of the extraordinary ability of old Communists to pop up again in positions of new power.

Of course, there are Communists and Communists. Membership of the Party was a formality for most people, a minor but necessary qualification for

Mr. Malcolm is Political Correspondent of The Spectator *and a frequent visitor to Rumania.*

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pursuing any sort of career. "It was like having a driving license," one former dissident told me—though with 23 per cent of the adult population as Party members, a Rumanian was far more likely to own a membership card than a car. Students who joined the Party were automatically given a higher grade on their final examination; with the allocation of jobs depending strictly on these grades.

Were there any real Communists in the Party? Again, it depends on what you mean by Communist. A crudely Communist set of assumptions about how the world worked underlay all the Ceausescu regime's policies. But most of those who carried the policies out were crawlers, hacks, and henchmen, people who had chosen a Party career purely because that was the route to privilege and power. In Moscow and Belgrade you can still find senior Communists who seriously believe in the Marxist theory of the state; but Rumania under Ceausescu was more like a country taken over by the Mafia, and there is little point in asking a Godfather's sidekicks to define the theoretical bases of *mafiosismo*.

THE REAL PROBLEM lies not with the corrupt careerists, but with the handful of intelligent Communists who really did believe in what they were doing—who were thereby brought into conflict, inevitably, with Ceausescu, and who are now at the heart of the interim government. The new President, Ion Iliescu, for example, is certainly an intelligent man. Those who knew him in the period (1974–79) when he was demoted to work as provincial first secretary in the northeastern city of Iasi told me that he was the model of a decent technocrat. But the attempt to present him as a man without ideological baggage is unconvincing. He was an idealistic Communist youth leader in the 1950s, a Ceausescuite in the Central Committee apparatus throughout the 1960s, and was promoted to secretary for ideology in 1971. He fell out with Ceausescu later that year, but only because he thought his plans for a mini-Cultural Revolution were a diversion from the true Communist path. He stood for the Politburo again in 1974, and remained on the Central Committee until as recently as 1984.

Silviu Brucan, the *eminence grise* of the National Salvation Front, had been out of favor longer. His early career is more discreditable, however, because he held his high offices (acting editor of the Party newspaper, then ambassador to the U.S. and the UN) during the period of brutal Communist takeover and Stalinist terror. He is deliberately vague now about his ideological commitments: asked recently by a British journalist whether he saw a middle way for Rumania between Communism and capitalism, he replied that he hated "isms," and that the middle way was an "ism" too. But it is worth remembering that the letter of protest to Ceausescu which made him famous in March 1989 began with the words, "At a time when the very idea of socialism, for which we have fought, is discredited by your policy . . ." William Pfaff, who published Brucan's letter in the West, records that one of the signatories showed him another letter which they had also prepared, "arguing that multi-party government was inappropriate for Rumania today, but calling for pluralism inside the Rumanian Communist Party." Communism modified by pluralism: that, then, is the range of Mr. Brucan's "isms," and their order of priority.

According to sources in the Council of the National Salvation Front, it was Mr. Brucan who argued most forcefully in favor of the decision to put the Front forward as a party to contest the national elections in May. It was this decision that led to the huge anti-Front demonstrations on January 28, and to the violent counterdemonstrations which ended by ransacking the headquarters of the newly revived National Liberal Party. The opposition parties' claims that the Front was turning into a replica of the old Communist Party thus became something of a self-fulfilling prophecy: the Front organized its counterdemonstration by bringing in truckloads of workers from outlying factories, in exactly the same manner (and probably the same trucks) as the Communist Party had done in the past.

The crisis brought on by those events has temporarily cleared the air. The new interim government is officially separate from the Party organization of the Front, and it includes representatives of all thirty opposition parties. (Mr. Iliescu's glee, incidentally, at the fragmentation of the opposition into such an absurd quantity of parties was unconcealed when he faced the cameras to announce these new arrangements.) As a symbolic compromise, this is better than nothing. As a piece of power-sharing it is meaningless, since real decision-making power continues to reside with an inner Executive Committee (along classic Communist Party lines).

But the most important power in Rumania today is not the power to make decisions, but the power to communicate and educate. The main opposition parties are allowed occasionally to put spokesmen on television, reading out abstract statements or demands; but they are immediately trumped by emotive pleas from heroic wounded soldiers, appealing to the people to support the Front.

What did those factory workers think, for example, when they arrived by the truckload in Victory Square? They thought what they had been told to think: that the revolution was in danger, that the enemies of the Front were the enemies of the revolution, that the opposition parties were led by émigré millionaires who had done nothing for their country before now, and so on. (That last jibe, directed at the returning émigré Ion Ratiu, the founder of the World Union of Free Rumanians, was particularly wrong-headed. On any day over the last 45 years, Mr. Ratiu has probably done more to fight Communism before breakfast than Mr. Brucan has done in his whole life.)

IN HIS interviews with Western journalists, Mr. Brucan likes to say that the Front speaks for the intellectuals, while the opposition to it comes from ignorant workers and peasants. The truth, increasingly, is the other way round. Several leading intellectuals, such as the lecturer Doina Cornea and the poetess Ana Blandiana, have now resigned from the Front's Council. If elections were held tomorrow, the Front might get as much as 70 per cent of the vote. But this largely reflects the public's ignorance of the other parties. The Front's popularity is, I believe, slowly declining; the greatest problems for the opposition parties are the humdrum, practical ones of organizing publications and broadcasting. The pen may be mightier than the sword, in theory. But in practice it all depends on who controls the paper supply. □

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Capitalism, Socialism & Democracy

STEPHEN HASELER

LONDON—As the nations of Eastern Europe prepare for their first free elections, their newly emerging leaderships are beginning to glimpse a dramatic possibility: that the vacuum created by the collapse of Communism might just allow them to advance directly to a full-fledged free-market economy, avoiding any Keynesian or collectivist pitstops along the way. With the political class preparing for the coming campaigns, it is the economic chiefs of the transitional regimes who envision this possibility. Vaclav Klaus, the finance minister of Czechoslovakia, has gone on record as seeking for his country "a market economy without any adjectives" (thus rejecting even the "social market" model still fashionable in Western Europe). Similar Friedmanite thoughts exist in the minds of treasury minister Balcerowicz in Poland and the economics team in Budapest.

This upsurge of neo-liberal economics is the result not so much of a new moral imperative as of the understanding throughout Eastern Europe that central planning simply doesn't work. Ljubo Sric, a Yugoslavian émigré who runs the sought-after Glasgow University Center for Research in Communist economics, suggests that "virtually everybody throughout Eastern Europe including the Communists" now believes that only a free-price system can revive the economy. This neo-liberal zeitgeist, he argues, is here to stay because it is rooted not in intellectual fashion but in the bitter experience of the shortages and overproduction under a system of central planning.

Eastern Europe's neo-liberals are also beginning to see the possibility of an "economic miracle." This optimism can be put down to the first flush of freedom. Yet there is something in the suggestion that as long as they can get the initial structures right, then Eastern Europeans may indeed witness dramatic economic growth based on the release of pent-up energies repressed under Communism.

Mr. Haseler is the author of among other books "Euro-Communism": Implications for East and West.

Yet economics is not politics. Though politicians have given the economists their head for the moment, they may rein them back as democratic discontents build up. Most people recognize that a market economy will initially witness high levels of unemployment. Public pressures could build up, if not for a return to central planning, then at least for a regime of massive subsidies.

Jennifer Lawson

Much also depends upon the "enterprise unit" adopted. The talk at the moment is of a mixed regime of limited companies, small workshops, and workers' cooperatives. Yugoslavia has already experimented with a form of collectivized market economy run by workers' collectives. Although this ran into considerable trouble (not least because workers paid themselves more than the market would bear and then sought public-sector bailouts), there will be a temptation to follow the same route—particularly if the dash for freedom is socially traumatic.

The old Communist parties (under whatever name) will be roundly beaten in the coming elections. But the old Communist *apparatchiks* will be seeking power in new parties, many of which are still ideologically empty vessels. What are their prospects? Most commentators predict that assorted nationalists, Greens, populists, and peasant parties will certainly secure some votes. So will parties calling themselves "liberal" (although "liberal" here is a slippery term encompassing the free-marketeers of Italy and the quasi-socialists of Britain). So, too, will the parties of the Right which recently staged a pan-European get-together in Vienna.

Yet a plurality looks set to go to parties or coalitions (like the Socialists in East Germany or Civic Forum in Czechoslovakia) whose ideologies, although fluid and incoherent, can best be described as social democratic. Recent polls suggested that in East Germany the Socialist Party would receive 54 per cent of the vote, and in Czechoslovakia the Civic Forum and its sister party a healthy 28 per cent.

Already parties of the Socialist International, sensing that initially at least the new democracies of Eastern Europe would be pinkish, are campaigning to influence the outcome. A faction within the International, associated with Willy Brandt and Egon Bahr, the geostrategist of the West German Social Democratic Party (SPD), is trying to save the skins of Eastern Europe's Communists (with whom they maintained "party to party" relations during the 1970s and 1980s) by encouraging them to switch parties en masse and reappear as new model democratic socialists. Their argument is the managerial one that the former Communist regimes had recruited most of the talent in those societies. Not surprisingly this is resisted by those genuine social democrats who suffered under the Communists.

Yet the future of Eastern Europe may yet be determined not by pan-European organizations but rather by the wildcard of German reunification. Chancellor Helmut Kohl seems determined to outflank his Socialist opponents by making the issue of united Germany his own. Yet his success could easily backfire. The SPD has every reason to feel that its moment in the sun has finally arrived. Its new chancellor-candidate, Oskar Lafontaine, is convinced that the incorporation of East Germany in the Federal Republic will add the votes to put the SPD in the united German driving seat in Berlin for the rest of the century and beyond. Such an SPD government (with or without an alliance with the Greens) could, through its economic leverage, nudge the whole of Eastern Europe back towards socialism. Such a prospect needs to be set alongside the optimism of Eastern Europe's nascent free-marketeers. □

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Taming the Cookie Monster

WILLIAM MCGURN

ON THE BRISK winter morning after the President's State of the Union address, Newt Gingrich is up by the Washington Monument on one of his 6 A.M. strolls. He and aides are talking about the President's speech. Gingrich gestures over in the direction of the White House, where the first warming rays of dawn are beginning to fall. "That man has an 80 per cent approval rating with the American public and has the Democrats in Congress just where he wants them," he says with barely disguised glee. "And you know what? They still haven't figured out that he must be doing something right."

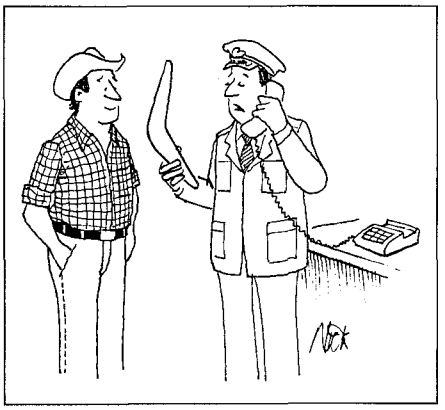
He's not always easy to figure, because George Bush rarely spells out what he's doing and has a tendency to muddy the waters on the rare occasions he tries. His first annual message to Congress, for example, opened with a distinction between the "state of the government" and the "American people and the state of the Union," a reference that would have had conservatives swooning had Ronald Reagan said it. One reason they stay in their seats is that it was characteristically diluted moments later by the President's call to upgrade the Environmental Protection Agency to a Cabinet-level position.

The real state of the government—and the real direction of the Bush Administration—came two days earlier, in the 1991 budget offered by OMB Director Richard Darman. On the surface there was little new: a record $1.2 trillion in spending, covering some 190,000 accounts written in fine print over one thick tome, itself costing $38.00. The budget was striking in that it does meet Gramm–Rudman spending limits and does not raise taxes to get there. Not the sort of thing to set music to, but, nonetheless, a slow, steady march in the right direction.

Doubting conservatives might also want to take note of the Democratic reaction. By your enemies you shall know the truth, and Congress was quick to show the way. Senate Majority Leader George Mitchell (D., Me.) moaned that it did not contain enough spending. Senate Budget Committee Chairman James Sasser (D, Tenn.) labelled it "warmed over Reagan." And House Budget Committee Member Charles Schumer (D., N.Y.) called Darman a "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde."

"The whole debate is unreal," says former Reagan Treasury official Paul Craig Roberts. "When you read about these people screaming that Darman has delivered up a big lie, you have to ask yourself, 'How could they know?' The budget wasn't out long enough for them literally to read all the headings, much less understand them."

What they did understand was the message sent by the budget director's introduction, itself remarkable for being written in English. In the course of 15 pages, Darman laid bare the pretensions of Congress, likening the budget to the Cookie Monster of *Sesame Street*, who is not malicious but still gobbles up everything in sight, and the entitlement provisions to hidden Pacmen lurking in the budget and waiting to strike with hundreds of millions in unfunded liabilities. Most of all, there is the "peace dividend," a sweet-spending fantasy worthy of *Alice in Wonderland*. "It starts by overestimating the dividend," Darman writes. "Then each player plans to spend the dividend in his or her way. The sum of all such planned expenditures totals about ten times the overestimated dividend, which is itself perhaps five times the actual dividend."



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"Yes, General, this weapon flies quietly under enemy radar and costs only $10,000."

Darman's response is different from his predecessors' in the Reagan Administration, though not necessarily contradictory. In the Reagan era, budgets were essentially statements of what the President wanted to cut and what he wanted to keep, with no hope of getting through Congress. That was okay, because Reagan's purpose was not to give Congress a budget but to map out a direction. Now Darman has presented a budget that's just that, a working budget.

What gives it teeth is the threat of the "sequester," automatic spending cuts that will kick in this fall if Congress does not meet the Gramm–Rudman targets. Back when Gramm–Rudman was passed, Congress agreed because it didn't think a Republican President would ever let it get to a sequester that cut things across the board, including defense. But with the reduction of the Soviet threat, and Bush's proven willingness last year to go to sequester, the Administration can cut from defense and then insist on other cuts elsewhere. In other words, Darman is sitting on Congress's windpipe.

"This Administration has given us a governor's budget, with real reductions," says Gingrich, "not the Washington budget where five bureaucrats make a projection and anything less than that is called a 'cut.'"

THERE ARE, to be sure, some dubious parts to this budget. But the important point is that it's 3 per cent spending increase is less than the nation's real growth, which means that the economy is growing faster than the government. In overall terms this would also see the deficit drop to just about 1 per cent of GNP, down from the 5.2 per cent a few years back and well within the range of industrial nations such as Britain, France, Japan, and Germany. It is the kind of incremental progress Gingrich talks about, a significant rollback if kept up for the Administration's next seven years. It's the old race between the hare and the tortoise, and even at this early stage the odds look good for the tortoise.

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TWO REVOLUTIONS

Solidarity with the ANC?

RADEK SIKORSKI

JOHANNESBURG—I have often been struck how many times cycles of strife and reform in Poland and in South Africa have coincided. Both countries fought gallantly on the Allied side in the war and each got scant reward for its sacrifices. (Their fates met briefly in August and September 1944 when South African pilots flew supplies from Italy to Warsaw during the tragic uprising. They took appalling casualties because the Soviets refused landing rights on their territory.) The year 1948 was decisive in both: the Communists consolidated their grip on Poland and eliminated all legal opposition (the last non-Communist prime minister for forty years fled the country in the trunk of the American ambassador's car), while in South Africa a triumphant National Party under Dr. Malan and later Dr. Verwoerd codified apartheid as the official ideology.

For the next forty years periods of deceptive calm were punctuated by revolutionary challenges in both countries. Poznan, Radom, and Gdansk in our Polish anti-Communist folklore are the symbols of martyrdom comparable to Sharpeville and Soweto for anti-apartheid South Africans. By the 1980s in both Poland and South Africa the ruling regimes had resorted to martial law, during which leaders of the resistance in both countries—Walesa and Tutu—were rewarded with the Nobel Peace Prize. In another uncanny coincidence, 1990 is proving a watershed in both countries, a year in which both ruling elites seem finally to be conceding their monopoly of power. Poland is governed by a Solidarity prime minister, and only a mopping-up operation is still required to rid the country of the Communist cancer. In South Africa President F. W. de Klerk has lifted martial law, legalized the African National Congress, and promised to release Nelson Mandela.

This affinity is surprising. The two countries could hardly have less in common: the first in the geographical heart of Europe, the other at the tip of Africa; the one as mono-ethnic as any nationalist might wish, the other torn by racial strife; the one capitalist, the other Communist. What makes them similar is that in both the crisis is fundamentally one of legitimacy.

I had wondered for years which revolution would succeed first. Until recently, it could hardly be doubted that it would be South Africa's. A subversive Pole could only watch with envy the ANC's intense pressure on the National Party. The ANC had powerful allies who sent it money and arms. Thousands of its guerrillas were trained in camps in dozens of friendly countries. Indeed, more capitals recognized the ANC than held diplomatic relations with Pretoria. By comparison, Solidarity could only count on expressions of genuine, but inconsequential, sympathy. The very same people who abhorred repression in South Africa—liberals in America, socialists in Britain—inclined to excuse repression in Poland. We were called reactionaries and counter-revolutionaries.

The South Africans would succeed first, I thought, because their quandary was internal. The Soviet Union would rather go to war, I assumed with others, than let socialism in Eastern Europe be dismantled.

But in the Spring of 1989 Poland suddenly leapt ahead. Few at the time dared to believe that the re-legalization of Solidarity and semi-free elections were not another devilish maneuver by the Communists—but the thaw has proved real enough. Gorbachev loosened the reins of Soviet power, and Polish Communists—to give credit where credit is due—were the first to strike a deal with the opposition. The Communist Party has dissolved itself, and, according to recent opinion polls, its remnant enjoys the support of 1 per cent of the population. The remaining Stalinists in the provincial administration are certain to lose their jobs after the March local elections. Our revolution is already pretty entrenched and a Communist backlash almost inconceivable—and all this without a single drop of blood being spilled. Might there be any lessons in our good fortune for the South African revolutionaries?

Visiting South Africa after spending one's formative years in a Communist country one can't help having mixed feelings. Seeing blacks driving BMWs in the streets of Johannesburg, one is tempted to think: "What the hell are they complaining about?" Only when one takes a closer look does one see that there are parallels in oppression. As one South African described it: "We have socialism for the Boers, capitalism for the English and Coloureds, and fascism for the blacks." My impression, rather, was that apartheid is rule by a *nomenklatura* of race.

Is Mandela, then, a South African Walesa? At first sight it seems preposterous to compare a Nobel Peace Prize laureate and a man who has consistently rejected violence with one who was convicted of terrorism and who steadfastly refused to disavow violence as a condition of his release. You would have to argue that Walesa would not have persisted in his stance without the recent Communist concessions. If the Communists rather than Solidarity were now imposing an austerity program, reducing millions of Poles to destitution, desperate youths would sooner or later choose direct action. Might he not excuse them? Still, the fact of the matter is that his ethical objection to violence was not only sustained—it was right and it proved effective. Walesa grasped early on that violence against a totalitarian regime far from extracting concessions, only oils the wheels of oppression. Faced with violence elites don't capitulate but close ranks.

Likewise, the Boers will go under rather than yield to a black military challenge. Indeed, I got the impression that many Afrikaners ache to settle the issue by one almighty brawl. With the present balance of equipment and skills there is no doubt who would be the winner—and the ANC leaders should have thought of this years ago.

After all, the conditions for Walesa's strategy of moral revolution were far more favorable in South Africa than in Poland. The South African state has always tolerated many forms of association which were denied to us in Poland. Churches were under less pres-

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sure; the press was much freer; and black trade unions were allowed years ago. The ANC and its sympathizers could have used all the non-violent means of protest open to them to much greater effect. In what was one of the intellectual breakthroughs of our struggle, one Polish dissident declared after the water riots of 1976: "Instead of burning down party committees, set up your own."

ANC terrorism was not a policy adapted to the circumstances but a counsel of despair, and a monumental blunder. Quite apart from their amorality, necklacings and bombs in shopping precincts blurred the ANC's image as victims and entrenched, instead of outmaneuvering South Africa's security apparatus. Black trade unions, consumer boycotts, and sheer pressure of rising numbers have favored the cause far more than the violence of the "comrades."

"Aren't you tempted," I once asked a Afghan commander at the height of the Russo-Afghan war, "to strike at Soviet targets outside Afghanistan—embassies, planes, ships?" "No," he replied, "we want the world to see us for what we are—victims, not aggressors." He understood what Arafat and Mandela are only now grasping.

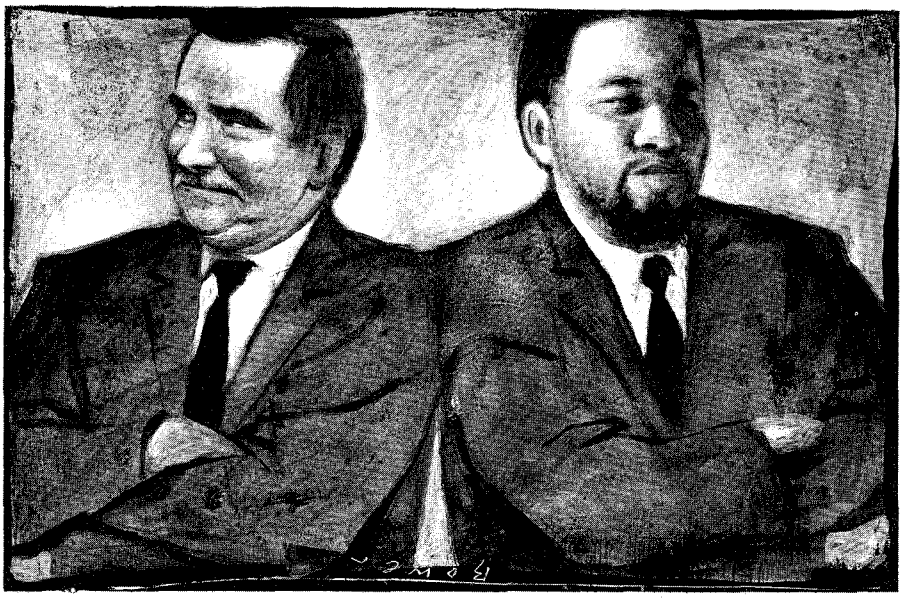
Worse, ANC leaders still think of renouncing violence as a bargaining chip, to be exchanged for concessions. They should renounce violence for its own sake, if not, like Walesa, out of moral conviction (though preferably from that motive), then as a maneuver to outflank the hard-liners on the white side. It is the only way in which the professed ANC aim of a "non-racial democracy" could ever be realized.

The curious synchronicity of Poland and South Africa is coming to an end. Long political stalemate was the only thing that made the two countries superficially similar. The same factor that made me gloomy only a year ago—that Poland's trouble was essentially external and South Africa's internal—now makes me think that the Poles, having cast out foreign tutelage, will sort themselves out pretty soon, whereas South Africa faces a long slog.

For in Poland, as soon as the revolution succeeded, our erstwhile rulers changed their spots and Communists now speak as if they had always been staunch patriots. Judging by their tender sentiments, you might never guess that these are the same people who, at Stalin's behest, hunted down, tortured, and executed tens of thousands of decent folk. But hypocrisy has its uses. Give or take a few dozen of the worst henchmen, who must be tried and convicted *pour encourager les autres*, the rest will be incorporated into civilized society. That is exactly how the French dealt after 1945 with the uncomfortable fact of widespread collaboration with the Nazis. In a decade or two, schoolchildren will wonder how a small band of Moscow's agents could have kept the entire country in terror. The national myth will have glossed over the fact that almost 10 per cent of the population once belonged to the Communist Party.

In South Africa, on the other hand, the whites cannot stop being whites. Moreover, and this is where analogy turns into juxtaposition, whereas in Poland the Communists were the least talented, least competent, and least scrupulous elements in our society—the dregs in fact—South African whites can justly take credit for creating the most prosperous and most free (for whites and blacks) country on the continent. If the South African revolutionaries want to inherit South Africa's riches rather than a pile of ruins, they must convince the whites to stay. This can only be done be assuring them a privileged place in South African society for many years to come. Few whites in South Africa, even among the most liberal, think that the country can survive the introduction of one-man one-vote in a unitary state—whether the alternative is a Swiss-style confederation based on "group rights" as some Afrikaners hope, or a franchise based on financial or educational qualifications, as I would favor, or some solution no one has yet thought of. If a one-man/one-vote democracy were to be the result of reform, whites with foreign passports would quit and the Boers, fighting for their survival, would unleash terror which would make the Rhodesian civil war look like child's play. Black leaders must acknowledge this reality or they will be co-responsible for plunging their country into chaos.

In these circumstances, what would Walesa do if he were Mandela? I suspect that after a quarter century behind bars, he would first give himself a few months to re-learn his country. Then, he would do what he is doing in Poland—acting the role of a president-in-waiting, a man above the grime of politics, ambition, and petty animosities, the one man with whom the white tribe of Africa may strike a deal.



Tim Bower

Mandela can take his cue from Walesa, who is now facing the most difficult period of his career. This month, as Polish living standards are dropping by some 40 per cent (in one month!—a drop unprecedented in peacetime), Walesa is not becoming a demagogic tribune of the people, but rallying Poles behind the government in its heroic attempt to break through to a free-market society. How many Western trade-union leaders would have it in them to do this?

Mandela faces an even more daunting task. If he is a statesman, he will have to tell his people that the time for one-man one-vote has not yet come. Will he have the guts? □

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CUBA SI, FIDEL NO

The Last Days Of Fidel Castro

Fidel Castro never stops talking.
And the Cuban people can't stop listening.
But they also hear, coming closer, the sound of falling dominoes.

ANTHONY DANIELS

"A GOOD AND glorious death," wrote Miguel de Unamuno, "justifies and ennobles an entire life, however bad and infamous it may have been, while a bad death spoils even the best of lives."

The signs are that Fidel Castro is preparing for a good death, and he is not the kind of man to deprive his personal decisions of public significance: he intends to take a lot of people with him when he goes. The slogans in Havana—"The Banners of Socialism Will Not Be Surrendered without a Fight," "Defense for Production, Production for Defense," "Marxism–Leninism or Death"—have a certain manic necrophilia about them. One cannot help noticing that not many heroes of the Cuban revolution died in bed of old age or bronchopneumonia.

A Czech journalist was recently expelled from Cuba (the first from a Warsaw Pact country to be so honored) for drawing an analogy in a dispatch between the *Comandante en Jefe* and the great Rumanian *Conducator*. The analogy was at first sight no more reasonable than the response to it. No one can deny Castro his personal magnetism, his intelligence, his bravery—not qualities one normally associates with the Greatest Genius of the Rumanian Nation, the Danube of Thought. I spoke to many disaffected citizens in Cuba, but I never encountered one who reserved for Castro that unique compound of burning hatred and utter contempt that every single Rumanian felt for Ceausescu. On the contrary, I met no one from whom an admission of Castro's good qualities could not be extracted, however reluctantly.

Unlike the Communist Party in Rumania, Castro did not achieve power at the end of a foreign power's bayonets. Against great odds he ousted an unpopular dictator; he appealed to a deep vein of anti-American sentiment; and his revolution has not been without achievements. One does not see in Cuba the shanties of the rest of Latin America, or people in rags, or malnourished children. Of course, Cuba has been heavily subsidized; but subsidies elsewhere have not necessarily produced these effects, and one might even consider the continuance of the subsidy as an achievement in itself.

BUT WHATEVER the differences in the personal histories, attributes, and achievements of the two dictators, there are uncomfortable parallels between them. Castro may possess the more fascinating personality, but the fascination is inversely proportional to the length of time one has been exposed to it. He has become a caricature of himself, still wearing Sierra Maestra kit, half-adolescent revolutionary, half-grizzled Old Testament prophet, denied his chance to mature by having reached absolute power early in his life. For more than thirty years he has been fetching tablets—of his own manufacture—down from Mount Sinai. When he lunches with important foreign guests, from whom he usually hopes to extract desperately needed aid, he harangues them for six hours (including about the egoism of man under capitalism), allowing the generals and cabinet ministers who surround him to speak only when he pauses briefly to chew his food. I watched him on television speaking to a congress of Cuban scientists. He was called to the podium "unexpectedly." He hadn't prepared a speech, he said; an hour and forty minutes later, when I switched him off, he was still uttering pious platitudes like a Marxist–Leninist Helen Steiner Rice, a man whom many years of sycophantic audiences have rendered incapable of concision. I was tearing my hair out. Poor Cuban people! They have had thirty years of

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it, in school, on television, radio, in books, films, newspapers, meetings.

Many of Castro's opinions are, at bottom, those of Ceausescu, and their effects have been not dissimilar, despite the thin veneer of tropical insouciance in Cuba. There may be a newspaper called *Juventud Rebelde* (Rebel Youth) and television and radio stations called *Tele Rebelde* and *Radio Rebelde*, but real rebelliousness—to say nothing of rebellion—is not exactly encouraged. I saw notices to the effect that a lack of proper respect for superiors at work is counterrevolutionary; every block still has its Committee for the Defense of the Revolution, whose purpose is to pry into the affairs of every family under its aegis and report anything suspicious, such as the arrival of a visitor or the unaccountable possession of a package. Notices may be found on buildings announcing that next Sunday will be a day of voluntary labor, freedom in Cuba having reached its higher, dialectical form as defined by Engels: Freedom is the recognition of necessity. Castro has amply demonstrated what every psychologist suspects: that inside many a rebel there is an authoritarian trying to get out.

Fear is not as all-pervasive in Cuba as it was in Rumania in the good old days, but it is there nonetheless. On my way to Playa Girón at the Bay of Pigs, I gave a lift to three young black building workers. It was a Saturday and they wanted to come with me, they said, just to relieve their boredom (the desperate tedium of life in Cuba surpasses anything portrayed by Russian writers of the nineteenth century). On the way they described how the police break up any parties that continue after midnight, how they had been attacked with nightsticks and police dogs. The young blacks did not want to travel or emigrate to the United States, they said, for they shared Castro's view of social conditions there; instead, France was their beacon of light. When we reached Playa Girón, with its museum dedicated to the defeat of the counterrevolutionary invasion by the humble people of Cuba, I found I was not able to share a meal with the humble people of Cuba, first because they were not permitted inside the hotel for tourists and Party functionaries (there are police inside every such hotel to ensure that the humble people do not enter), and second because it would not have been safe for them to be seen eating with me anywhere else. Later, as we were driving along, we were stopped by a police motorcyclist, and the three of them froze with fear. Allowed to continue—a scene would not have been good for the tourism the government is hoping to promote—they said goodbye and took off into the bush as soon as the policeman was out of sight.

It is in the economic sphere that Cuba most closely resembles Rumania. Nobody starves, but food is tightly rationed and the shelves are empty. (Incidentally, if the Cuban figures for life expectancy are to be believed, the Cuban diet is a complete refutation of the beliefs of most dietitians, for it is completely deficient in fresh fruit and vegetables.) The meager goods for sale have that transcendently ersatz quality instantly recognizable to any traveler in socialist countries. If by chance something desirable should become available, a long line forms at once, without any message having been given. The few restaurants are ruled over by waiter-policemen of stunning officiousness, serving spectacularly unappetizing food at ambient temperature, delivering the greasy plates onto the filthy tables with a resentful crash. Beer is in short supply, and in Old Havana I saw a notice informing people how to apply for a ration for a wedding or a 15th birthday party—the procedure involving birth, marriage, and other certificates, sworn verifications, and visits to government offices. In Cuba's second city, Santiago, I waited for a taxi, along with many Cubans, for more than two hours, and in the rural districts much longer waits for transportation are quite normal. A Cuban invited me home for lunch one day, but in the event had to cancel because he was unable to find sufficient food off rations to feed me.

Indeed, the markets of Cuba are the most wretched I have seen anywhere in the world, offering the least variety and utterly devoid of that liveliness that is a spiritual as well as a commercial phenomenon. But Castro, along with Che Guevara and most Latin American intellectuals, suffers from that lordly contempt of commerce that is part Hispanic *hidalguía*, part adolescent rage that the world should be so refractory to rational ordering, part megalomaniac determination to create the New Man. In short, Castro, like all socialist idealists, is a snob and a prig who fears that, left to themselves, people will want and do what he thinks they ought not to want and do.

Castro will not let a changing world come between him and his theories. In a speech in December, on the occasion of the return to Cuba of the bodies of Cuban soldiers killed in Angola, he launched into an extraordinary attack on his erstwhile allies in Eastern Europe: "They are not exactly talking of the anti-imperialist

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The Castro Connection

CASTRO'S involvement in the drug trade goes back much further than is generally realized. Czechoslovakia's General Jan Sejna, who came over during the Prague Spring of 1968, gave a detailed account of Nikita Khrushchev's use of Cuba in a deliberate strategy to demoralize and weaken American society through drugs.

The strategy was laid down in 1962 at a secret summit in Moscow. Unfortunately, the Soviet involvement in drugs and terrorism is a taboo subject with Western governments. So Sejna's testimony was quietly buried, although some private specialists went on burrowing, most notably Dr. Joseph D. Douglass Jr., whose forthcoming book, *Red Cocaine: The Drugging of America*, will tell the full story.

Latterly, Castro has been taking an anti-drug stance. Late-life repentance? Hardly. The apparent change of attitude has been serving two purposes: ridding Castro of potential rivals, and (as a side bonus) improving his international image.

The much-discussed, and initially puzzling, case of General Arnaldo Ochoa Sánchez is illuminating in both regards. Last July, the general, aged 57, was executed by firing squad in Havana for helping Colombia's Medellín cartel to smuggle six tons of cocaine into the United States.

There was a sickening stench of hypocrisy and Stalinist rigging about the Ochoa case. A year earlier one José Blandón, a former aide to Manuel Noriega, had told a Senate hearing that he witnessed Castro himself brokering an agreement in Havana to end a $5-million "misunderstanding" between the cartel and Panama.

After sentence had been passed on Ochoa, Cuban viewers were shown a video of a broken man, his eyes glazed, admitting guilt, declaring that he despised himself and that "my last thought will be of Fidel and of the great revolution he has given our people." Had videos been around in the Thirties, Soviet viewers would have seen similar performances from the likes of Zinoviev and Bukharin.

The case was sharply dissected by Arturo J. Cruz Jr. in the November *Commentary*. The reason for Ochoa's execution had less to do with whether or not he was involved in drug trafficking (he probably was) than with his popularity among Cubans, and above all his generous rewarding of friends and collaborators with the perks and privileges of patronage. The man had simply grown too big for Fidel to tolerate.

The Cuban involvement in drugs first came into the open at the beginning of 1982 when Jaime Guillot Lara, a Colombian trafficker then in Mexican custody, revealed (according to the State Department) that the Cubans had provided sanctuary for mother ships loaded with marijuana while awaiting feeder boats from the Bahamas and Florida.

In November of that year, a grand jury in Miami indicted four high-ranking Cuban officials on federal narcotics charges. They were: Vice-Admiral Aldo Santamaría Cuadrado and René Rodríguez Cruz, both members of the ruling party's Central Committee; Fernando Ravelo Renedo, an ex-ambassador to Colombia; and Gonzalo Bassols Suárez, who had been number two at the Cuban embassy at the time of the deals.

Subsequent congressional hearings brought out further fascinating details. Apart from the corruption of American society—Khrushchev's original strategy—Castro's more specific purpose was to use Guillot Lara's drug dollars to fund the M-19 terrorists in Colombia.

The dollars were plentiful. Testifying before a federal grand jury in Miami in February 1983, one of the regular smugglers, David Lorenzo Pérez, confessed that he was in effect an accountant for U.S. drug sales. If the operation that ended in his arrest had come to fruition, Cuba's cut from the sale of ten million methaqualone tablets would have been $800,000.

Two months later, a former member of Cuban intelligence (the DGI), Marío Estévez González, gave further details before the New York State Select Committee on Crime. Castro, he revealed, was personally involved in drug trafficking with the added goal of promoting violent crime, addiction, and corruption in North America. The mass deportation of criminals from Cuba to Florida in 1980, he said, had provided cover for the illegal immigration into the U.S. of thousands of agents in a multimillion-dollar trafficking network.

Estévez had a special mission on behalf of the Castro regime: to distribute cocaine, marijuana, and methaqualone tablets in New York, northern New Jersey, and Florida. The proceeds of 15 months' sales had come to between $2 and $3 million.

In the mid 1980s, the term "narcoterrorism" came into everyday parlance. Leading roles were played by a former deputy of the Colombian House of Representatives, Pablo Escóbar Gaviria (now on the run), reputed to be the boss of bosses of the Medellín cartel. Escóbar had made a deal with Castro. In return for a secure base, he would provide ample funds for the M-19 terrorists in his own country. Another beneficiary of the deal was, and still is, the Sandinista regime. Under the protection of the Cuban navy, Escóbar set up his headquarters on the islet (*cayo*) of Piedra off the northern coast of Cuba.

His number two was said to be fugitive American financier Robert Vesco. On his trips to Nicaragua, Escóbar traveled in Cuban air-force planes. The Cuban navy loved him for his generosity, as did the M-19 terrorists. As a Christmas present in 1984, he sent them one thousand Czechoslovak pistols.

In the face of this well-documented Cuban involvement at the highest level, the full hypocrisy of the trial and execution of General Ochoa is manifest. Small wonder Fidel doesn't want *glasnost*. —BRIAN CROZIER

struggle or the principles of internationalism in the majority of these countries. The words are not even mentioned in the press. The concepts have been virtually erased from the political dictionary. By contrast, the values of capitalism have recovered unusual strength in these societies." And he went on indirectly to attack the Soviet Union: "It is repugnant that many in the Soviet Union itself now dedicate themselves to denying or de-

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Guided Democracy Tour

The author, a professor of sociology at Seattle Pacific University, traveled to Cuba on a trip organized by the Commission on United States–Latin American Relations, headed by former U.S. Ambassador Robert E. White. The following is an excerpt of her account of her efforts to meet Ricardo Bofill, an independent human-rights activist who since has been allowed to leave Cuba for Miami:

Thursday. Our guides made us feel that we were all "comrades" in our efforts to learn more about U.S.–Cuban relations. Once in Havana, we would work out our agenda for the week, go where we wanted to go, and see what we wanted to see. I asked about a possible meeting with Ricardo Bofill. Our guide Melinda replied that we could request an audience with Bofill, but she didn't recommend it, because Bofill was "controversial and had problems."

In Havana, we deplaned and entered a waiting bus. As I was being seated, we were told to get off the bus and onto another. The first had no seat cushions and no air-conditioning. The second had both. The distinction between accomodations for foreign visitors and for Cuban citizens was to repeat itself in all of our experiences.

Saturday. Melinda again attempted to dissuade us from visiting Bofill. She said, "The neighborhood watch group might riot." Jeanette Hamby, a Republican state senator from Oregon, said that she found Elizardo Sánchez, a former member of Bofill's Human Rights Committee, to be more credible and that we should visit him instead. I asked why we couldn't see both. "He lives so far away," Melinda said.

Lyn Cryderman, the news editor of *Christianity Today*, suggested that a smaller group of us take a taxi and see him. Melinda said that "Fidel's government wouldn't be happy with our going but that it wouldn't endanger my programs at all."

It was now time to visit Bofill. Two of his committee members, an elderly man and his wife, picked up two of us, while three others followed in a taxi.

We approached Bofill's upper-story apartment and noticed that the neighborhood Committee for the Defense of the Revolution had been located in the apartment beneath him. Melinda appeared uneasy. Instead of letting our Spanish-speaking member interpret, she was mumbling an inadequate translation under her breath. Bofill soon resorted to speaking in poor English in order to communicate with us. He showed us some files of letters smuggled out of prison. He said they had proof of a torture chamber and a firing squad being used on Jehovah's Witnesses.

Bofill stressed that his organization was not a political group, nor was it anti-Castro, but pro-human-rights. He said that his neighbors were not the ones who bothered him, but plain-clothes policemen attacked him when he left the neighborhood. Eleven of his committee members were currently imprisoned in Del Este prison. But the Human Rights Committee worked openly because they believe their work is of a humanitarian nature and not political.

Monday. As we boarded the bus Melinda handed me a slip of paper with the name, address, and phone number of Bofill's Committee on Human Rights group in Miami. I appreciated her integrity in passing it on to me.

Tuesday. We did not meet with Castro as planned. Melinda told me on our return trip to Miami that Castro had been insulted that we had met with Bofill. —Sharon Georgianna

stroying the historic feat and extraordinary merits of this heroic people. This is not the way to rectify and overcome the unquestionable errors committed by a revolution that was born in the entrails of czarist authoritarianism, in an immense, backward, and poor country. . . . Therefore we have not hesitated to prevent the circulation of certain Soviet publications which are loaded with poison against the Soviet Union itself and socialism. One perceives behind them the hand of imperialism, reaction, and counterrevolution. Already some of these publications have begun to demand the end of the . . . equitable and just commercial relations that have been created between the USSR and Cuba . . . In two words: that the USSR starts to practice with Cuba unequal exchange, selling ever dearer and buying our agricultural and primary products ever cheaper, the same as the United States does with countries of the Third World . . . "

The situation is desperate. Soviet ships are no longer arriving as scheduled, and food is growing scarcer. The price of egg and bread rations recently had to be increased by 50 per cent. The citrus-fruit harvest is rotting for lack of customers. In 1991, when the present sugar agreement runs out, the Soviet Union may decide unilaterally to reduce the preferential rates it pays for Cuban sugar (which it still needs). As Castro so percipiently put it, "We can only expect negative economic consequences for us" from the crisis in the socialist camp.

Perhaps he has good enough internal-security service, and sufficient political capital still, to survive a while longer. But his popular image took a battering with the execution of General Ochoa, a former national hero, last year. [See box p. 31.]

Besides, it is unreasonable to expect people to remain forever grateful for receiving just enough food to survive, an education sufficient to enable them to read lies, and shots of penicillin. There should be more to life, and they know it. More than half of the population was born after the Revolution. More than a tenth of the population lives in the magnificent but crumbling marble halls of pre-Castro Havana, partitioned by cardboard or plywood walls. Castro, whether he survives or not, is destined for that capacious Marxist vessel, the dustbin of history.

Castro is in some ways an attractive man, and might have remained a predominantly good one had he never reached power. Nevertheless, it is difficult not to conclude that one of the most significant differences between Castro's Cuba and Ceausescu's Rumania is the weather. □

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REAL-ESTATE VALUES

Would They Be Better Off in A Home?

Why do people become homeless? Reagan's cuts, say liberals. Throwing the mentally ill onto the streets, say some conservatives. But there were no cuts and only a few homeless are mentally ill. The rest are homeless because it beats the alternative.

LAURENCE SCHIFF

IT IS GENERALLY believed that our cities are peopled by a vast and growing army of homeless men and women, on the streets because of a lack of compassion (read: the dismantling of the Great Society by the Reagan Administration). Yet in fact, the welfare apparatus remains largely intact. Marginal reductions in its exponential growth at the federal level have mostly been compensated for by states and municipalities.

Why, then, is homelessness one of the few growth industries in the United States today? First, it is subsidized through a self-serving mental-health system which promotes the myth that a huge percentage of the homeless are mentally ill. Second, it is continually encouraged by the government, directly through transfer payments, and indirectly through antipathy to the free-market system.

The actual number of homeless men, women, and children in the United States remains a subject of considerable dispute. Estimates range from a low of 250,000 to a high of three million; my own estimate, admittedly an educated guess, is in the range of 750,000 to one million. But a prior problem is that there exists no clear definition of a homeless person. Significant numbers of people who have not spent even one night sleeping on the street are nonetheless counted in the homeless population. Some have lived in the same shelter for years; some live in welfare hotels, undeniably uncomfortable but housing of a sort; and some are periodically thrown out of their homes because of anti-social behavior (such as drug abuse) that their family or friends find intolerable. Thus many of the homeless are not homeless at all in the usual sense of the term.

Dr. Schiff is a psychiatrist who has spent the past several years working with the homeless.

But do they choose forms of accommodation which most of us would shrink from in horror because, as another widely held belief has it, they are mentally ill? Over the past two years, there have been at least four large-scale studies of the extent of mental illness among the homeless, all of which (two in New York, one in Los Angeles, and one in, of all places, Melbourne, Australia) have come up with a remarkably similar prevalence rate of around 70 per cent. But how are such estimates arrived at?

Since 1952, psychiatric diagnosis has been systematized via a published set of criteria called the Diagnostic and Statistical Manual of Mental Disorders. The present manual, DSM-IIIR, is divided into what are called five axes. Axis I, for instance, encompasses "major mental disorders," including the schizophrenic, bipolar (formerly manic-depressive), and organic disorders. However, it also includes impulse-control disorders, psychosomatic disorders, alcohol and substance abuse, sleep disorders, sexual disorders, anxiety and mood disorders, and so on. (Believe it or not, nicotine dependence is classified on this axis, although, to be sure, that is a controversial diagnosis, and rarely used.)

CLEARLY, THEN, the definition of what constitutes mental pathology can be made so broad (particularly by the inclusion of Axis II, or personality disorders) that were one to use DSM-IIIR to diagnose the population of, say, Scarsdale, one might come up with a figure of, oh . . . 70 per cent—though a few wags have suggested the percentage in Scarsdale is probably higher. But much more is involved. The budget for the coming year in the mental-health field, as in any public agency, is predicated upon the expenditure of all moneys for the present year. Thus there is enormous pressure to

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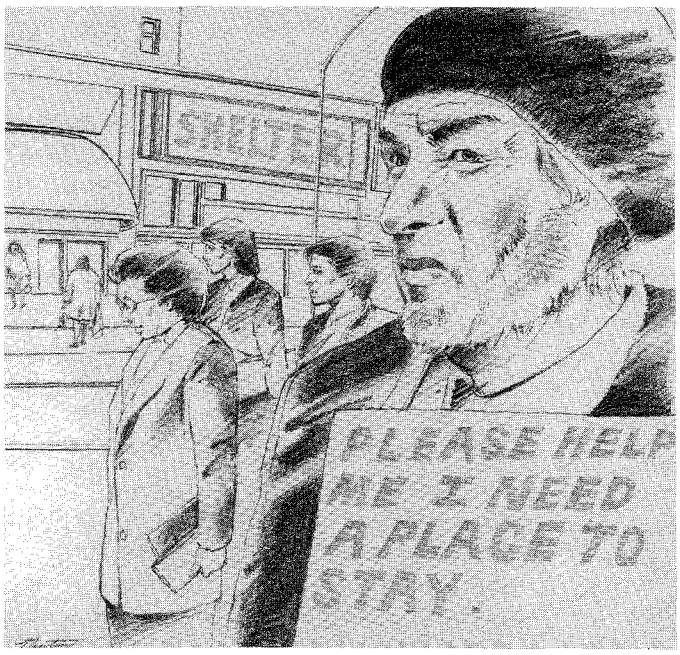
"give" a patient a diagnosis. Several of the Axis I diagnoses are used as a sort of catch-all to justify admission to a program. So, for example, someone who is basically nasty or aggressive is no longer just nasty or aggressive, he's an Intermittent Explosive Disorder (DSM 312.34). Similarly, drug addicts have a way of becoming Dysthymic Disorders (DSM 300.40—"a chronic mood disorder, also called Depressive Neurosis") in order to let them be detoxified at general-hospital psychiatric units, since insurance companies won't always pay for those who are merely drug addicts. About the only diagnosis I've rarely seen employed is No Pathology (DSM V71.09).

Another problem is inherent in the current structure of the public mental-health system—i.e., municipal or state hospital facilities—which is where most of the



Michael Newton

"homeless" are diagnosed. The vast majority of the psychiatrists in the system are from foreign countries, predominantly India, the Philippines, and Korea. Very few have much familiarity with American culture, particularly ghetto culture, and many barely speak English. And contrary to the idealized conception of the analytic session, psychiatrists in public facilities spend little time with any individual patient (they are precluded in any case from the classical 45-minute session by the huge caseloads—sixty to 120 patients). Indeed, one of the attractions of the state system for a foreign physician is the secure salary and the lack of intimate patient contact. When I worked at a large state hospital in the early 1980s I sensed considerable resentment at myself, an American, intruding on their "turf."

Thus there seems to exist a tacit understanding between the state, as represented by the mental hospitals, and the patients: "If you'll take anti-psychotic medication [the neuroleptics—potent and highly sedating drugs that actually can work wonders when used appropriately] and promise not to be violent, I'll call you mentally disabled and help you obtain SSI"—(government benefits for the disabled, paid for out of general-income-tax revenues—actually a full-employment program for drug dealers, since that is where most of these people's discretionary income goes).

The criminal-justice system often serves the homeless as a point of entry to the mental-health system. Given the budgetary constraints of most cities and the overcrowding endemic in municipal jails, to arrest, process, jail, and try people for misdemeanors commonly committed by the homeless—such as turnstile jumping, disturbing the peace, public drunkenness, and the like—is often seen as a colossal waste of time. The far easier alternative, from the point of view of the cop on the beat, is to transport anybody picked up for such offenses, if in the least bit agitated (often from the influence of alcohol or drugs), to the nearest hospital emergency room. There, if he is accepted, as these people generally are, he is left as an EDP (Emotionally Disturbed Person), to be disposed of by the hospital psychiatrists. Often they are hospitalized, despite the questionable pathology. These homeless eventually become identified as "mental patients," and a repetitive cycle of arrests and hospitalizations begins. ER staff privately consider these patients as being "dumped."

Naturally, this tendency has led to an expansion of the public mental-health system's budget—this budget now being $1.25 billion a year in New York State alone. For there exist all manner of "experts" with no shortage of new programs and ideas for a kinder, gentler nation. To take one example, in the late 1970s an effort was made to reach the hard-core mentally disturbed who did not present themselves for treatment, but who weren't sick or dangerous enough to qualify for hospitalization under the involuntary statutes. A program called Community Support Systems (CSS) was begun. Specially trained case managers with an intentionally small caseload would work intensively with these people, actually going to their homes (or living sites) and physically transporting them to sundry programs, agencies, and institutions. They would call the doctor when necessary, secure "entitlements," etc. Over the next few years, the eligibility for CSS programs remained the same, but the practical determination of who fit the criteria expanded so much that almost anyone with a previous psychiatric hospitalization was eligible, to the point that the original target population (the ignored mentally ill) was again lost in the shuffle. So in 1988 Intensive Case Managers (ICMs) were trained in a new program to provide exactly what the original CSS programs were supposed to do. Meanwhile, the CSS programs continue.

In my work with the homeless I have in general been struck not by how many are mentally ill, but by how many of those so diagnosed show virtually no real signs and symptoms of mental illness, except for functional or behavioral disturbances. A large number, nonetheless, are on potent anti-psychotic medication (Thorazine, Haldol, Prolixin, et al.). Since these medications can have significant long-term deleterious effects, it has been my policy to discontinue the medication, in a timely fashion, in all for whom I feel it is employed on

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questionable grounds—well over 50 per cent. Over a few years now, I have dealt with quite a large number of patients in this manner, and have not yet identified one who has ever developed truly psychotic behavior.

There are indeed homeless individuals who have real mental illnesses; many of the discharged state-hospital patients are schizophrenic or suffering from organic disorders, the latter usually by virtue of chronic drug or (more commonly) alcohol abuse. Yet the mentally ill, the chronic alcoholics, the welfare families represent a real minority of the homeless.

If the majority of the homeless are not of the groups they are thought usually to belong to, who then are they? Well, certain trends are readily apparent. For one, they come almost exclusively from lower-income neighborhoods, a very large percentage from broken homes. They are largely minorities—87 per cent of the shelter residents in New York City are black or Hispanic. Most are estranged from their families and friends, and surprisingly few have ever been married, even common-law. Most are functionally illiterate. While many have criminal records, relatively few are hard-core criminals. Drug and alcohol use is almost universal, but, likewise, there are fewer hard-core addicts than might be imagined. Most have at one time or another worked, though rarely at other than menial labor—messengers, day laborers, hamburger flippers, etc. In fact, aside from panhandling, many do still work from time to time to suit their personal needs, and sometimes to buy drugs. Almost all lack the sense of personal "structuring" necessary to maintain steady employment.

The largest cause of homelessness is rent control; it promotes inefficient use of space, deters turnover of rent-controlled apartments, and ensures that little new housing will be built.

Why do such people become homeless? Can it even be a rational decision? To understand why it can requires viewing them from the perspective of the underclass, not the middle class. To someone with at least a decent high-school education, possessing at least some of the middle-class values, and capable of steady work paying, say, $25,000, homelessness is not an option. On the other hand, to slum-dwellers with different values, poorly or not educated, not capable of high earnings (except in illegal enterprise), not capable of affording more than substandard housing, often in drug-infested areas—to such people, living in the streets, subways, bus terminals, or shelters is a viable alternative. And while middle-class people consider the streets and shelters to be extremely dangerous, they are *that* dangerous only in comparison with wealthier areas, not with the areas which most of the homeless come. Consider that the leading cause of death in black males ages 25 to 44 is homicide. In reality, many (though not all) of the shelters are much safer than most ghetto neighborhoods, since they enforce strict prohibitions on drugs, violence, and weapons possession. Shelters may in fact be the ultimate form of "affordable housing."

In plain English, the welfare state is in essence providing, for a large percentage of the homeless, a lifestyle that would cost roughly $10,000 to $12,000 were it to be purchased on the open market, possibly a little less at some of the worst (read: city-run as opposed to private-contract) shelters. And the greater the monetary value of the benefits in kind—i.e., housing, food, clothing, medical care, etc.—the larger the number of people willing to consider homelessness as a viable option. For the question is not whether the homeless would really prefer to have permanent residences. Of course they would. They are simply subsidized to not obtain the skills and make the sacrifices necessary to obtain such housing, when substandard accommodation is available free.

The largest single proximate cause of homelessness is rent control, which promotes inefficient use of space, deters turnover of rent-controlled apartments, and ensures that little new housing will be built. Were decontrol to be instituted, rents would rise, but, after an initial adjustment, new housing would be built by the private sector. In response to increasing supply, rents would fall again, as with oil decontrol, and— *voilà!*—the homeless problem would diminish.

Diminish, but not disappear. For the homeless problem is one facet of a whole complex of social problems which are destroying a generation of inner-city residents. In essence, the collectivist mentality of the welfare state panders to the primitive, infantile, and often destructive urges of the human psyche by promising that government will protect its citizens against all of life's ills, and satisfy each and every want. In short, we have government as nurturing mother. Of course, overindulged children, shielded from reality by smothering parents, never learn to function independently.

Public policy must therefore do what, in a psychoanalytic sense, the ego does for the id, that is, to teach it to accept short-term frustration for longer-term benefit. Liberal and socialist policies do the opposite, and thus give their clients incentives to achieve less than their innate capacities would allow.

The real solution to the homeless problem lies in a return to "middle-class values," and indeed to the promotion of them in the lower class. They are more than simply economic values—rather, they are moral values which as a corollary lead to material prosperity. And that is the great advantage of the private sector, which takes into account the vagaries of human nature. □

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help

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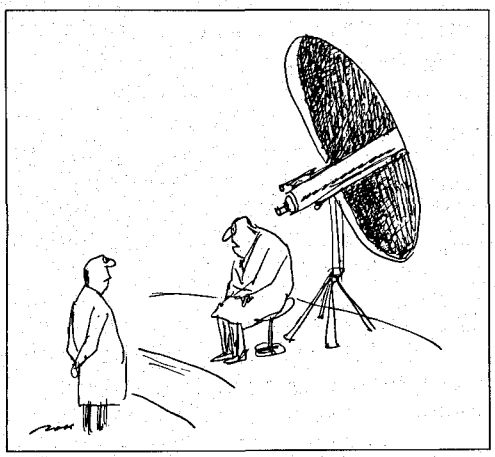

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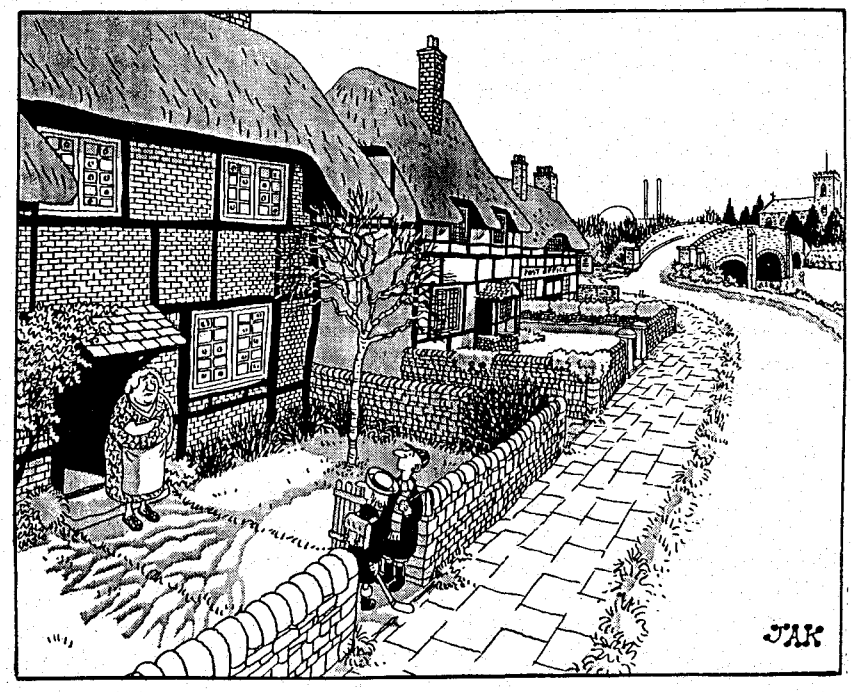
"You know, Ed, when a star dies, something in me *dies."*

David W. Harbaugh

". . . He's a zircon in the rough."



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"Now mind the traffic, stay away from that polluted river, go the long way round the nuclear-power station, don't talk to strangers, don't eat the school dinner, don't drink water . . . !"

Atwater's Big, Big Tent

It's so big, abortion bashers
  Can chew candy with those who
Hawk balloons that look like condoms
  After helium's forced through,
While abortion clinics flourish
  Near the bearded lady, and
John O'Connor sports his miter
  In the party's marching band.

W. H. VON DREELE

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"Manny sent me."

ARMY BASE U.S.A.
WAR IS HELL, SON. I, TOO, WAS JUST A 19-YEAR-OLD BOY WHEN THEY SENT ME OFF TO KOREA—BUT I RETURNED A MAN. A MAN PROUD TO HAVE PUT HIS LIFE ON THE LINE FOR HIS COUNTRY...
THAT'S OUR DAUGHTER, HAROLD...
H.P. HAYNE
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IN FROM THE COLD WAR

Will Success Spoil Anti-Communists?

As freedom triumphs, liberals feel sorry for conservatives. What will they do without Communism to attack? Well, there's always liberalism—and plenty *of it.*

TOM BETHELL

SEVENTY-FIVE years after Sir Edward Grey, the British foreign secretary, saw the lights going out all over Europe, they were unexpectedly turned on again in the fall of 1989. A friend of mine, a well-known conservative, suggested that I keep an eye on the news media's coverage of these stirring events. For the liberals, he believed, a little "spin control" would be necessary. They couldn't really enjoy what was going on, but they wouldn't be able to admit as much, either.

A column by George Will partly confirmed this guess. "Some liberals," he wrote, "seem disoriented. They are even made morose by recent events." *The New Yorker*, however, contrived to detect a silver lining in the cloud of an anti-Communist revolution—the imminent demise of anti-Communism: "That the cold war may be ending, and that forty years of nuclear dread might diminish, and that anti-Communism, an engine that has propelled so many American political careers, could fall into disuse—a newspaper reader hardly dares to be so hopeful."

This theme was repeated with minor variations by Russell Baker in the *New York Times* and by Richard Cohen in the *Washington Post*. "Anti-Communism has been the glue that held together the volatile elements of the Republican Party for longer than most of them remember," Baker wrote. "It's all very sweet to see the old order changing from Germany to Moscow, but where's the political mileage in anti-Communism if Communism is all washed up?"

"With Communism threatening to vaporize," Richard Cohen wrote, conservatives "may soon have little to react against." He added that "conservatism is reactive in nature. Its idea of a program is to oppose one offered by someone else." (Not quite. Conservatives believe that individuals, being possessed of free will, should have their own separate "programs.")

Unavoidably, however, the news media, especially television, did convey much of the tremendous joy that has been experienced by tens of millions of Europeans in recent months. Anti-Communism turned out to have been a well-nigh universal philosophy. The television anchormen could do little more than position themselves before the celebrating crowds in Berlin and Prague and Bucharest, but that was all they had to do. Nothing they might have said could possibly have detracted from these images of freedom experienced for the first time, many of them unexpectedly moving—pale East Berliners gazing with silent awe into West Berlin shop windows, and so on. (To be fair, no TV reports that I saw even hinted that the unfolding events were anything other than joyous.)

IF THERE WERE spin-control teams at work at the *New York Times* and *Washington Post*, one sensed nonetheless that events were unfolding too rapidly for them to have much effect. Inevitably, there were items one could quibble with. One example was a *New York Times* headline over a page-one story by Craig Whitney: "East Germans Fear New Freedom Could Outstrip Ways to Control It." This headline erroneously imputed to "East Germans" in general what is surely the *Weltanschauung* of *New York Times* editors in general. The sentiment should have been attributed to "a small handful of East Germans"—those who still think that Communism is a nice idea in theory.

Something else that kept popping up was the *New York Times*'s uncritical use of the CIA's GNP-per-capita statistics. The media regaled us with funny stories about East Germany's getaway car, the Trabant, with its lawnmower engine. But there, tucked inside the *New York Times*, would be the odd claim that East Ger-

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many's 1988 GNP per capita was $12,480, compared with $7,390 in Spain, $13,270 in Britain, and $14,260 in West Germany. Obviously these figures are nonsense. They merely discredit the CIA's information-gathering and statistical procedures. One wonders if the *Times* and other news media organizations—with their professed resistance to "accepting handouts" from government agencies—will ever question them. Nick Eberstadt, author of *The Poverty of Communism*, points out that the 1989 edition of the Statistical Abstract of the United States absurdly credits East Germany with a GNP per capita that is higher than West Germany's.

On the whole, however, the press has been favorably disposed toward the revolution of 1989. This is not because our leading media figures are particularly enthusiastic about an "anti-Communist revolution" (as the *Washington Post* creditably called it on its front page on January 14), or because they are wild about liberty in the abstract. In fact, on December 8 the *New York Times* published a unusual column by A. M. Rosenthal, until recently the paper's executive editor, railing against "so many of our academics and journalists," who "cluck nervously at the passion for freedom of the people of Eastern and Central Europe, whose very captivity was unfashionable to mention for many years." Rosenthal has a good point here. For years the press used the phrase "captive nations" gingerly, if at all, and usually within prophylactic quotation marks. The *Washington Post* foresaw this argument while it was still over the horizon, noting in an August 1989 editorial that the captive nations' "political strivings were commonly received as disruptive, 'unrealistic' threats to international stability, perhaps of some musty literal or historical merit but essentially unhelpful to the greater good of world peace."

A couple of months earlier, the *Post*'s editorial-page editor, Meg Greenfield, wrote that "until pretty recently we were dismissing 'captive nations' week and other such manifestations of sorrow over the situation in Eastern Europe as the mischievous, warmongering handiwork of far-right émigré groups." She might almost have been thinking of the *Washington Post*'s Don Oberdorfer, who (in September 1984) referred to "the Administration's 'captive nations' ideology," or John M. Goshko, who (in July 1980) denigrated Reagan's "old cronies" at the Republican convention, including "throwbacks to the 1950s era of pleading the cause of Eastern Europe's 'captive nations.' "

As a Nexis search shows (Nexis permits a computerized retrieval of individual words from major newspapers and magazines), the phrase "victims of McCarthyism" occurred more frequently in the decade of the 1980s than the phrase "victims of Communism," the latter being used not only sparingly but sometimes with irony. This is peculiar, of course, because the "victims of McCarthyism" numbered at most in the hundreds, for a short period in the 1950s, and none of them were murdered; the victims of Communism were numbered in the hundreds of millions, were enslaved tortured and murdered, and *still exist* in the hundreds of millions—in the Soviet Union, China, Cuba, North Korea, among other countries. But the truth is they have not constituted a fashionable or even an acceptable victim category.

By far the worst large-circulation offender has been *Time*. The magazine's editor-at-large, Strobe Talbott, has emerged as the most prominently placed and unremitting Soviet apologist in the U.S. press corps. In *Time*'s Man of the Decade issue, Talbott told us not only that the cold war is over, but that the "red menace" never really existed in the first place. Western policy had been based on "a grotesque exaggeration of what the USSR could do . . . It was believed to be possessed of immense and malignant strength, including the self-confidence, prowess, and resources for the conduct of all-out war." Communism is now a thing of the past, Talbott evasively hinted.

As for the wrongheaded notion that the Soviet Union ever was possessed of "malignant strength," the *Time* reader with a good memory might once again have been

GO! GO, GORBY, GO!
I UNDERSTAND AFTER WE "ESTABLISH ORDER" IN AZERBAIJAN WE MAY GET TO GO TO LITHUANIA!
JIM BAKER STATE DEPARTMENT
ASAY ©
COLORADO SPRINGS GAZETTE TELEGRAPH

puzzled. Talbott used to write long treatises advocating arms control on the grounds that any new weapons we might deploy would be reduplicated by the Soviets, condemning us both to a costly, futile, and dangerous arms race. "Critics warn that the Soviets will inevitably develop strategic defenses of their own," he wrote in 1985. A year earlier, in *Time*'s Men of the Year cover story (Reagan and Andropov, in case you forgot), "reported by" Talbott, among others, the argument was made that "inefficient as the Soviet civilian economy is, the Kremlin could squeeze it further to continue piling up arms. The Soviet public will do what it is told, partly because it has no choice, but partly because it responds vigorously when it believes the motherland is being threatened."

Talbott's view of the future (in *Time*'s Man of the Decade issue) is also worth pondering. He writes with exasperation that U.S. defense policy still includes this caveat: "the West must be prepared for the danger that Gorbachev will be overthrown; he might be replaced by

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a retrograde Soviet leadership that will once again—that is the key phrase: *once again*—threaten the rest of the world with military intimidation if not conquest."

THUS DOES he suggest the Soviets never have— that is his message: *never have*—resorted to military intimidation? A *Washington Post* editorial (May 23, 1984) supplied evidence to refute him; "Sober people believe the basic Soviet purpose is to frighten the West . . . Look, for instance, at the rocket rattling of the last year or so in the Soviets' own words: "[their] defense programs 'make Japan a likely target for a nuclear response strike.' Scandinavian countries are 'to burn in the fire of nuclear war in the name of Atlantic solidarity.' Helmut Kohl's re-election could result in West Germany's 'ascending a nuclear gallows.' Deployment of U.S. missiles could make all of Italy 'a Pompeii.' This is the policy Kremlin spokesmen call 'peace-loving.'"

And what was the opinion of opinion magazines? The poor old *New Republic*'s "bid to define the decade" was published on October 9th; so they missed the main event. Some (but not much) overt discontent with recent developments has appeared in the left-wing press. "For now," *The Nation* noted after the Malta summit, President Bush "has a depressingly free ride. With Gorbachev preoccupied with the nightmarish state of the Soviet economy, there is no pressure from Moscow . . . to moderate U.S. behavior in what are still considered sensitive areas of the Third World." (Interesting that the Moscow of yore should now be seen as a moderating influence.) "Ideological struggle" should be a thing of the past, Gorbachev told Bush at Malta. "So we'll just have to carry on without him," replied Alexander Cockburn, who "stared gloomily" at the *New York Times* story by Clyde Haberman, headlined "Gorbachev Lauds Religion on Eve of Meeting Pope."

Those who point to ideological similarities between Communism and contemporary American-style liberalism are in danger of being accused of McCarthyism.

This is the analytical crux of the matter. In general, the media have been enthusiastic about the events of 1989 mainly because they occurred with the assent of Mikhail Gorbachev, indeed with his imprimatur. For years the professed liberalism of some influential members of the U.S. press corps has been in practice subordinated to the will of the "Soviet leader," whoever he happened to be at the time. If liberal principles were in conflict with Soviet will, then the latter should be permitted to prevail (as unobtrusively as possible). To insist upon anything else would be provocative—cold-war rhetoric. For a good many years this or something like it has been the editorial position of the *New York Times*; more recently also of *Time* magazine and network-television news. The *Times* today sometimes does write disparagingly about Gorbachev's predecessors—Leonid Brezhnev for example. But its attitude toward the living and breathing Soviet leader has almost always been deferential. When the Soviet Union invaded Afghanistan *Time* was ready with an explanation: "Our Containment Is Their Encirclement," read the headline. "The Soviets are most on the defensive and therefore most likely to take the offensive along their own borders," Strobe Talbott and Bruce Nelan (Moscow bureau chief) wrote.

TODAY, journalists who have obeyed this etiquette of deference (flying more easily in formation with Moscow than with Washington whenever a major policy conflict between the two arises) now find themselves with a Soviet leader who doesn't embarrass them. Their sentiments can be compared to those of Roman Catholics who, having endured (let us imagine) a succession of bad popes, suddenly find themselves with a good one in the chair of St. Peter. Earlier, loyalty had dictated that the pope could not be openly opposed. But now he can be openly embraced. Why this curious deference to Soviet will has prevailed throughout important sections of the media is a much neglected question. Sheer fear should not be overlooked. Many journalists and policy-makers have clearly regarded the Kremlin as a kind of modern Moloch, which must be placated with sacrifices (preferably of U.S. missiles). Those who point to ideological similarities between Communism and contemporary American-style liberalism are in danger of being accused of McCarthyism.

Still, let us not be afraid to point out the family resemblance. Both ideologies are hostile to private property, free contract, and mediating institutions not under government control; both are hostile to religion—openly so in the case of Communists, under cover of the First Amendment in the case of liberals. In a nutshell the common ideology is egalitarianism without God. Modern liberalism tries to achieve "communistic" goals with democratic methods. Even the liberals' dedication to "democratic methods" has been known to waver—note the liberal preference for the non-elected branch of government, preferably peopled with activist judges ramming through the latest schemes from the social-science departments.

It is this family resemblance that answers the question asked by Richard Bernstein in the *New York Times*: "Has the agenda proclaimed by the coalition of forces that made up American conservatism lost its purpose now that its chief foreign-policy enemy has been vanquished? Will the movement survive? And if it does, what will be its issue in the future?"

The new conservative agenda is clear. With socialism on the ropes abroad, now is the time to focus on socialism at home. Why, exactly, do we have so much of it? That should make *The New Yorker* happy. □

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IT'S NOT KOSHER

Into the House Of Bondage

Liberation theology, invented by Catholic Marxists, adopted by liberal Protestants, is moving into the synagogue. But its god is history—and its Israel is Palestine.

DON FEDER

IN AN ARTICLE published during the Nicaraguan election campaign, the Sandinista newspaper *Barricada* tried to rationalize the government's failure to transmit to the opposition funds appropriated by the United States Congress. It was not the government's fault, the reporter observed, but the "traditional Jew-style with which the U.S. Congress manages the taxes of the taxpayers." The following day, the publication formally dissociated itself from the sentiments expressed therein. (Ortega and company have become quite pr-conscious of late.) Still, the piece was an uncensored reflection of the anti-Semitism inherent in Third World Marxism.

Thus it may come as a surprise that liberation theology—the movement's sales pitch to the spiritually inclined—has its Jewish as well as its Christian adherents. Then again, why should Christians be the only ones to get in on a good heresy, or embrace an ideology which ultimately seeks the extinction of their faith?

Formulated by Latin American theologians seeking a spiritual rationale for their politics, liberation theology has taken avant-garde Christianity by storm, making significant inroads in the main-line Protestant denominations (the National Council of Churches has become a virtual cheering section for the creed), as well as the more politicized Catholic orders (the Jesuits and Maryknollers in particular). Now it is being marketed to American Jewry under a kosher label. It is, in fact, as kosher as a roast pig, stuffed with shell fish, served on Yom Kippur.

In the past two years, the B'nai B'rith Jewish Book Club, perhaps the largest book distributor of its kind, has offered no fewer than three works touting Hebraic liberationism: *Judaism and Global Survival*, by Richard H. Schwartz, *On Earth as It Is in Heaven: Jews and Liberation Theology*, by Dan Cohn-Sherbock, and *Toward a Jewish Theology of Liberation*, by Marc Ellis. Significantly, the latter were published by Orbis Books, a subsidiary of the Maryknoll order.

Jewish liberation theology has its own journal, *Tikkun*, a slick bimonthly, and its revolutionary vanguard, the New Jewish Agenda. The NJA, while relatively small (with a following of perhaps five thousand), has secured membership in the Jewish Community Relations Councils of Los Angeles, Detroit, and half a dozen other cities.

Liberationism is an attempt to merge Scriptures with Marxist dogma. The Exodus story is viewed as a paradigm for revolutionary socialist movements in the Third World. Just as G-d ordained the manumission of the Children of Israel from Egyptian bondage and led them to the Promised Land, liberation theology posits the struggle against capitalism as Divinely ordained. Guerrrilla fighters become the neo-Moses and the future socialist state the New Israel, to be secured after the wilderness of class conflict has been traversed.

IN *Communism in the Bible* (Orbis Books, 1982), José Miranda urges, "It is time to drop all these side issues and concentrate on the fundamental fact: the Bible teaches Communism." Also, "No one can take the Bible seriously without concluding that according to it, the rich, for being rich, should be punished." Therefore: "Communism is obligatory for Christians."

And for Jews as well, say Jewish liberationists. "The religious Jew needs the secular and socialist critique," Ellis proclaims. "And the secular Jew benefits from ide-

Mr. Feder is a Boston Herald *writer and syndicated columnist. A different version of this piece was delivered as a speech at the Heritage Foundation last year.*

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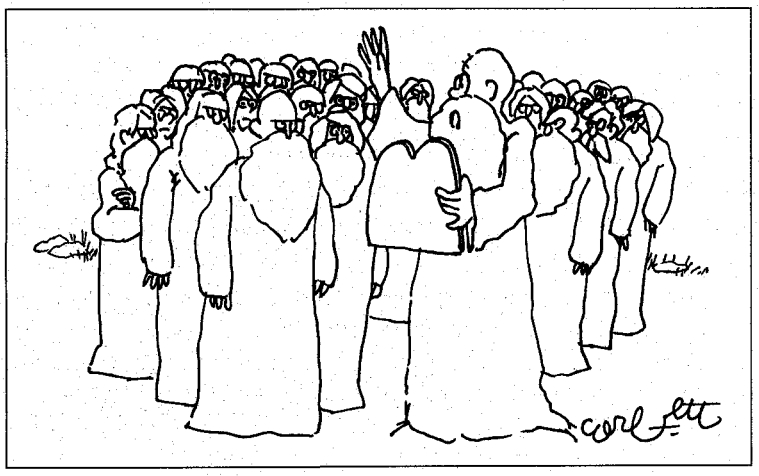
als and symbols spoken in a language that has languished."

According to its proponents, liberation theology strives for the realization of Jewish ideals: peace, brotherhood, and justice. It gives new meaning to the Exodus story, making it a metaphor for Third World liberation struggles, and attempts to actualize the prophetic vision of an era of harmony and equality. Since liberationism seeks the attainment of Jewish goals, and invokes Jewish symbols toward these ends, Jews should feel a particular affinity for the doctrine, according to *Tikkun*, the Agenda, and their fellow-travelers.

To one whose Torah education extends not much beyond Bible stories in English, and whose knowledge of politics and economics was absorbed at the knee of Jesse Jackson, all this might sound quite plausible. Liberation theology is, in fact, a betrayal of Jewish heritage—a rejection of Halakah (Jewish law), a deadly assault on Israel, and a stimulus for left-wing anti-Semitism.

As Rabbi Leon Klenicki, Director of the Interfaith Affairs Department of the Anti-Defamation League, explains, liberationists have distorted the meaning of the Exodus, by focusing its brilliant spiritual light through an ideological prism. Klenicki concedes: "Judaism certainly recognizes the Exodus as liberation, but maintains that the liberation from Egyptian bondage became meaningful only when Israel received the law at Mount Sinai."



"Now don't flip out until you hear about the fringe benefits."

"These points," he continues, "are overlooked by . . . the theologians of liberation. They consider liberation an end in itself, not realizing that physical or economic oppression can only be overcome by a freedom that has transcendental meaning. Otherwise, the liberation process ends in another form of tyranny or authoritarian dictatorship."

This distortion is duplicated in the effort to make Jewish values conform to revolutionary doctrine. Unlike certain interpretations of Christianity, Judaism has never despised wealth. The Torah enjoins that property be obtained honestly, used responsibly, and shared to an appropriate degree with the less fortunate. But it has never condemned riches per se as a sign of sinfulness or censured the wealthy.

In his book, *With All Your Possessions: Jewish Ethics and Economic Life*, Talmudic scholar Meir Tamari, chief economist of the Bank of Israel, writes: "In Judaism, the merchant and entrepreneur play a legitimate and even a desirable role in commerce and therefore are morally entitled to a profit, in return for fulfilling their function, without need of apology."

The key to the Jewish understanding of a humane society is the concept of *tsadaka*. Often misinterpreted as charity, it means nothing less than justice. The *mitzvah* (commandment) requires the observant Jew to set aside a certain portion of his income for the less fortunate, as a matter of religious obligation.

It must be noted, however, that the commitment to give is finite. It never approaches the point of confiscation or income-leveling. In Biblical times, every third year an Israelite was required to contribute one-tenth of his income for the poor (the origin of the Medieval tithe). In the other two, the corners of his field were to be left unharvested, for those in need. Even by welfare-state standards of taxation (let alone the radical redistributionism of Marxist states), this was a modest donation.

Maimonidies, the great codifier of Jewish law, identified eight distinct levels of *tsadaka*, with varying degrees of merit attached to each. On the highest plane, the Rambam stated, is providing a poor person with employment or a trade, thus enabling him permanently to escape the poverty cycle.

The greatest gift to the impoverished, in other words, is helping them to help themselves. Is it a kindness to deliver Third World masses into the hands of Marxist regimes, infamous not only for their repressive cruelty but also for their perpetuation and extension of existing poverty?

But liberation theology is worse than a mere misrepresentation of Judaism. It is a complete negation of the central tenets of the faith. The deity of liberationism isn't the G-d of the patriarchs and prophets, the G-d Jews have faithfully worshipped for the past three millennia. Judaism perceives G-d as supernatural, the creator of all life and giver of law, the One who shapes history. For liberation theologians, history is God. When liberationist José Bonino states, "there is no truth outside or beyond the concrete historical events in which men are involved as agents. There is, therefore no knowledge except in action itself," he means essentially that there is no G-d, as Judaism discerns Him.

The God of liberation theology is the personification of historical forces which, through the Marxist dialectic, are leading us to a classless utopia. With the Party as its priesthood, this divinity is worshipped through service to the revolution. Efforts to forestall the proletarian state are therefore blasphemy, punished by temporal damnation via gulag or firing squad.

Enunciating this collectivist catechism, Father Ernesto Cardenal, Sandinista minister of culture, proclaims: "Marxism is the only solution for the world. For me the revolution and the Kingdom of Heaven, men-

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tioned in the Gospel, are the same thing. A Christian should embrace Marxism if he wants to be with G-d and with men. . . . As mankind matures, religion will start disappearing slowly until it vanishes completely."

In this secular messianic vision, clearly there is no place for Judaism, with its insistence on a G-d above and outside of history and obedience to his dictates, revealed in the Oral and Written Law. Thus, while proclaiming its Jewishness, Jewish liberation theology seeks the extinction of normative Judaism.

THE CANAAN of liberation theology is a land not of milk and honey but of blood and barbed wire. Its utopian models are the Stalinist states of the Caribbean and Central America, whose dubious blessings they would bestow on the rest of the continent.

In these lands, the socialist elite prove taskmasters of surpassing severity. Hyper-inflation, rationing, gulags, the destruction of independent labor unions are ubiquitous. This is not the repair of the world (*tikkun olam*) but its laceration, all the more bitter as the atrocities are committed in the name of the old ideals.

And how have the Jews fared in the lands conquered by the cause liberation theology has consecrated? Nicaragua's small but vibrant Jewish community was obliterated, its members forced into exile. In scenes reminiscent of the Nazi degradation of Viennese Jews during the Anschluss, in the early days of the Sandinista junta, Jewish leaders (including eighty-year-old Abraham Gorn, the unofficial head of the community) were forced to sweep the streets. Jewish businesses were confiscated, homes ransacked, and rather convincing death threats made to encourage emigration (all thoroughly documented in a 1983 report by the Anti-Defamation League, which calls Nicaragua "a country without Jews, but not without anti-Semitism").

Of ten thousand Jews in Cuba, prior to the revolution, fewer than two hundred remain. The Falashas, or black Jews of Ethiopia, had to be rescued by an Israeli airlift from a famine unleashed by the nation's Marxist rulers.

In lands where the dreams of Ellis and company have been realized, Jews are persecuted for their relative prosperity. Rabbi Klenicki, an Argentinian by birth, ironically notes this reversal of traditional Latin American anti-Semitism: "Anti-Semitism was influential in Argentina in the 1910s and 1920s, when conservative groups accused Jews of being agents of Marxism and promoters of Bolshevik revolution. Fifty years later, followers of liberation theology accuse the Jewish community of being agents of Wall Street and American imperialism."

No examination of Judaism and liberation theology would be complete without a consideration of the creed's potential impact on the Jewish state. If Israel were to receive a fair hearing anywhere on the liberationist spectrum, it should be from its Jewish exponents. Consider then the treatment afforded Israel and Zionism by Marc Ellis.

In *Toward a Jewish Theology of Liberation*, Ellis informs us: "A practicing Jew within the liberationist perspective sees the state of Israel as neither central nor peripheral, but rather as a necessary and flawed attempt to create an autonomous presence in the Middle East."

Necessary and flawed? The defects alluded to are Israel's treatment of the Palestinians: "A Jewish theology of liberation is unequivocal in this regard. The Palestinian people have been deeply wronged in the creation of Israel and in the occupation of the territories. As we celebrate our empowerment, we must repent our transgressions and stop them immediately."

Of what did these transgressions consist? Acceding to the transfer of two-thirds of the territory of Mandate Palestine to the Arabs? Providing those Arabs who remained in Israel with more civil liberties and prosperity than the inhabitants of any of the Islamic states?

What is to be done with such a malign, racist entity? First we must make unspecified amends to those we have wronged, including the creation of a PLO state on the West Bank. Jewish liberationists, Ellis declares, support "a Palestinian state formed by the Palestine Liberation Organization."

An immeasurable chasm separates Judaism and utopianism in its myriad forms, including liberation theology.

Ellis looks forward most eagerly to a time, "perhaps a hundred years from now," when "we can speak of a confederation of Israel and Palestine and how out of tragic conflict a healing took place to the benefit of both communities." Perhaps even sooner? Israel's role in the liberationist scheme is acquiescence to annihilation, to atone for its sins against the oppressed of the Third World.

An immeasurable chasm separates Judaism and utopianism in its myriad forms, including liberation theology. In their popular introduction to the faith of Israel (*Nine Questions People Ask about Judaism*) Dennis Prager and Rabbi Joseph Telushkin illuminate a fundamental difference of approach: "Judaism aims to solve the problems of an unjust world, but it rejects revolution as a solution since the roots of evil and injustice lie not in economics but in man himself. Consequently, Judaism is a system designed to change individuals before it and they can ever hope to succeed in perfecting the world."

That Judaism and Israel are targets of liberation theology can not be doubted. Both rhetorically and physically, its forces are arrayed against the Jewish state. In perhaps the movement's ultimate irony, the misconstrued message of the prophets is marshalled for the destruction of a resurrected Israel. □

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THE IVORY FOXHOLE

Call Me Mister

JEFFREY HART

All my college and university professors during the 1950s addressed me as "Mr. Hart." As in, "Mr. Hart, this examination was less than your best." As a student, I addressed professors as "Sir."

An extraordinary egalitarian change has taken place since then, dating primarily from the mid 1960s. Full professors at major universities now address their students as, for example, "Chris" and "Jim." Even in the precincts of the Ivy League, full professors show up *for class* wearing blue jeans and even ponytails. (I'm speaking of *male* professors here.) The students address such people as "George" or "Tom."

Teaching is a complex activity that sends out all sorts of signals. The way a professor comports himself may be more important in shaping his students' behavior than what he says about his subject matter. (Indeed, the way he comports himself may say quite a lot about the intensity of his own intellectual commitment.) Even the way he arrives at his classroom is important. Is he on time? Is he well-prepared and organized? Is he interested in what he is teaching?

The egalitarian manners that gestated during the 1960s communicate an evil message. For one thing, everyone knows that they are in bad faith, even though they parade under the banners of "honesty" and "equality." The professor in the ponytail and leather jacket and jeans, but who has nonetheless done his dissertation on Christopher Marlowe, knows more about Marlowe than the student, Chris, who probably doesn't know what century Marlowe wrote in. The egalitarian lie, the bad faith, resides in the pretense that Chris's opinion about Marlowe's place in English literature is as valid as the professor's.

Such egalitarianism is also untruthful about the power relationships. The professor in the jeans and ponytail is required to make an evaluation of his student, to deliver a grade. Both parties know this. A lot attaches to it, things like admission to law school or medical school, or God save us, the academic profession. In an egalitarian Jim–George relationship, all of this is lied about daily.

There are still further problems. In the elite private colleges today, students who are not on scholarship pay as much as $20,000 a year in fees. I myself, a professor at Dartmouth, discern a visible sense of disappointment when the man the students are paying so much money to meet doesn't appear to be a professor in his presentation of himself. The man in jeans and ponytail who comes across as "just another guy like you"—"Hey, call me Tom"—is thought to be something of a cheat. Only the rare student has a genuine commitment to any subject matter, but in the social roles of "student" and "professor" the student still expects such commitment from the man on the other side of the lectern; he expects something different from what he is being given by much of the professoriate today.

It is not altogether clear when the vast slide occurred. In his important collection of essays entitled *The Culture We Deserve*, Jacques Barzun writes that "Right now, for example, one can ask whether all over the world the idea of the university has not been battered without hope of recovery for a long time."

Mr. Barzun traces the slide to the passion for specialization in the college curriculum at the turn of the century. Surely another factor has been the vast amount of money pouring into the universities, which has made the academy a growth industry, so that people now are going into the academy and even running it who have no love for the academic vocation. They are in it for power and status and, often, big bucks.

At the same time, because of this comprehensive lack of vocation, the academy has begun desiring to be an "action" institution. If Karl Marx thought that the job of philosophy was not to understand the world but to change it (which is precisely wrong), so does today's academy. It has constituted itself as a political party, not an agency of understanding. We hear all the time about "divestment," but very seldom about the history of South Africa.

Through my own field-glasses at trench level, I think the students may tip the balance in a useful direction. It is only the very rare student who will always and under any conditions be brilliant and unpredictable. But even the student herd now seems tired of the guy in jeans who has a "Marxist perspective." I have been considering offering a course from a "Ptolemaic perspective." □

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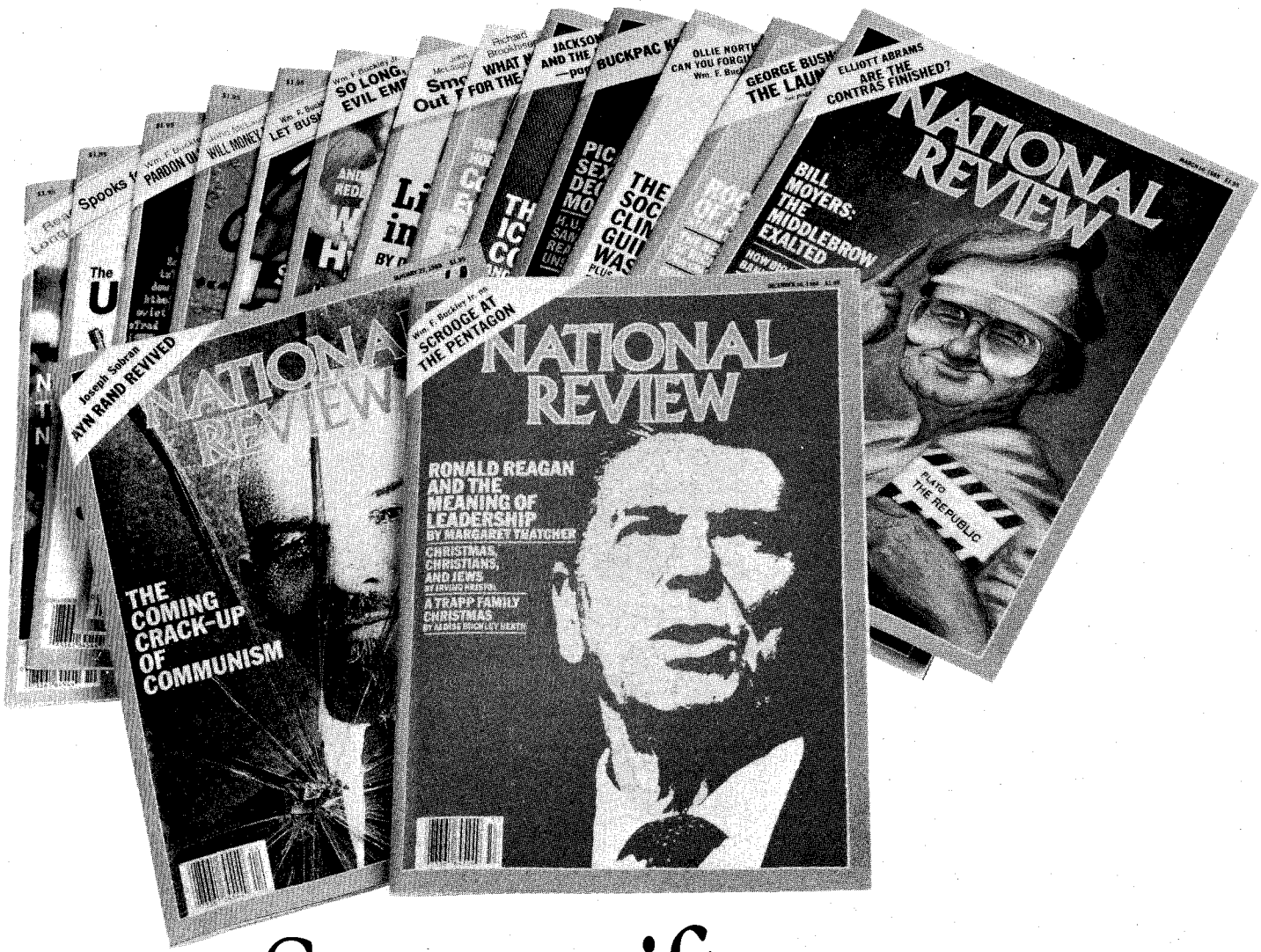

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Smoke without Fire

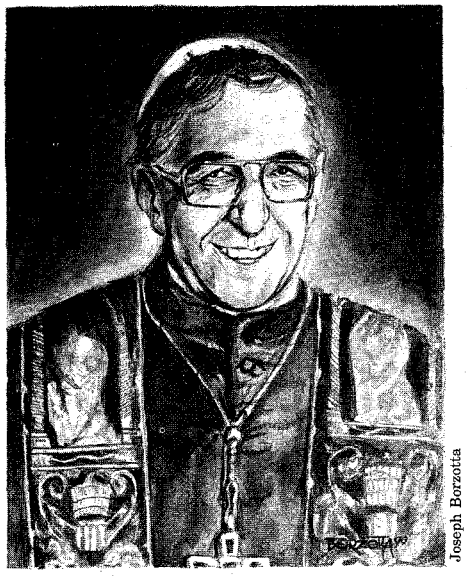
BRAD MINER

In 1984, I spent a week locked in an office with David Yallop, editing *In God's Name: An Investigation into the Murder of Pope John Paul I*; this so my then-employer, Bantam Books, could publish it as an "instant hardcover." (It was simultaneously published in six countries, and appeared in seven others within a month.) It happened to be the week prior to my wedding, and I was overworked and nervous, so when, finally, Yallop and I said, "Enough!" and began to think about "packaging" the book, I wanted nothing more than to wrap it up quickly, and go home to get one decent night's sleep before my life changed forever. Anyway, it was I who suggested that dismal bit of hyperbole as a subtitle. Originally, it was to be an inquiry into the *death* of the pope, but I thought: "What the hell. David *says* the man was murdered . . ." From a commercial point of view, I was probably right. And my apparent enthusiasm was welcome. Yallop knew I thought his book proved none of its fantastic claims. "Here's the thing," I'd told him, "You identify six suspects [the clerics: Monsignor—now Archbishop—Paul Marcinkus, Jean Cardinal Villot, and John Cardinal Cody; and the financiers: Roberto Calvi, Licio Gelli, and Michele Sindona], offer circumstantial evidence of each man's possible motives and opportunities, and then conclude, given all this supposition, that surely *one* of them must have been guilty. It doesn't follow, but even if it *were* true, wouldn't the guilt of that one necessarily exonerate the other five, thereby discounting the evidence against them?" He shook his head. He never actually named the murderer, you see, and nervously feigned opacity whenever I pointed it out.

A Thief in the Night: The Mysterious Death of Pope John Paul I, by John Cornwell (Simon & Schuster, 368 pp., $19.95)

The book was published, sold well, and received a lot of attention, most of it (as I'd predicted) negative. And I'd really been prophetic on the subject of Vatican reaction. Bantam was itching for Rome to fall into the trap; the trap set by good publicity (and there was none better than at Bantam), and into which *almost* everybody falls. Media attention to even scurrilous accusations can force innocent and guilty alike into the snare of public comment, and the louder the accused cries foul, the more attention the accuser receives. But sure enough, a simple, short refutation was all we ever heard from Rome.

Until now. Rumors of a murder persisted, and so it was that author John Cornwell was "invited by the Vatican to conduct a new, independent investigation." Cornwell's conclusions are easy to summarize: Calvi may have been a nasty fellow; Gelli and Sindona certainly were, but none of them killed Papa Luciani on September 28, 1978. He wasn't killed by any of the clerical suspects either. The dear man suffered a pulmonary embolism. There was negligence, Cornwell believes (the pope's ill health was ignored by Vatican aides, who panicked when he died, and thus gave rise to conspiracy theories), but there was no murder, and, therefore (following the logic I wasted on Yallop), no evidence of murder. Yet however certainly one believes that this is true, conspiracy buffs are unlikely to be convinced by Cornwell's pedestrian investigation, which was "official" in the sense that Vatican doors were cracked open for him, not shut hard against his nose as they should have been. I can only hope this was a rare Vatican misstep.



Joseph Borzotta

Like Yallop, Cornwell is a lapsed (and rather angry) Catholic with little appreciation of the Church's historic mission, and even less faith in the holiness of Church leaders. Such holiness, to be sure, is simply one—not always obvious and certainly not universal—characteristic of the monsignors, bishops, archbishops, and cardinals he met, but it is an awfully important one. I'd even suggest one cannot *see* the Vatican without eyes of faith, but I won't damn Cornwell on this count. He's a reporter, after all, and *they* turned him loose.

Now, nothing so stimulates a reporter's story sense (not to mention his belief in conspiracy) as official reticence, refusal to comment. It especially agitates investigative reporters hounding the Vatican, and is aggravated by raised expectations of *aggiornamento*—another name for *glasnost*, right? Newshounds expect Vatican officials, curial cardinals, and even the pope himself to respond directly to questions, to issue confirmations or denials, and disclose anything and everything going on inside the Holy City. If presidents and prime ministers are "accountable," why not the Pope? But *aggiornamento* does not translate as "accountability," and ancient notions of a higher purpose endure in Rome. The Vatican's often subtle responses to actual malfeasance invite charges of failed justice; this because secular observers fail to grasp the Vatican's peculiar pace, which is the pace of an institution answerable to Christ, and with a view of time, of history, rooted in eternity. Things happen all right; just slowly, silently. *Quod gratis asseritur, gratis negatur*, they have always said: What can be asserted without proof can likewise be denied without comment. But one worries that Cornwell's investigation sig-

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nals a new Vatican concern for public revelations. Has the curia come to believe, with the media, that silence equals guilt?

Yallop and, to a lesser extent, Cornwell overcame their journalistic frustrations by constructing books in which suspicions are dramatically entertained much in the manner of an Agatha Christie or a Raymond Chandler, except these non-fiction books are murder mysteries without a murder. This is true of Cornwell even though for him the pine trees in Vatican City were filled with clerical canaries. (He may not have met resistance, but he imagined it.) Yallop leaned hard on Dame Agatha, and I suppose you could argue that the Vatican *is* an island of sorts, not unlike a manor house on the moors, a passenger train caught in an avalanche, or a cruise ship sailing down the Nile. But I'd insult the work of Raymond Chandler if I suggest it's evoked by Cornwell. *A Thief in the Night* is a lesser sort of potboiler. Befitting the style of a winner of the (British) Crime Writers' Gold Dagger Award, Cornwell's prose is hardboiled to the point of parody:

> I entered a windowless office with a high-octane smell of antiseptic; the pervasive razor-sharp whiff was so striking that it evoked the atmosphere of an operating theater. Behind the desk, which shone like glass, stood a man in a well-cut brown suit. His gold-rimmed spectacles gleamed and glittered, and his dark, wavy hair glistened with a rich dressing. He had a broad mouth with thick, womanish lips and a great row of strong-looking teeth. His hand felt as if it had been scrubbed in cold water and carbolic.

But Cornwell doesn't punch the guy or reach for his .38—he interviews him! In case you lost count, there were five hyphenated adjectives. And this is the sort of prose *The Economist*, reviewing the British edition of *A Thief in the Night*, lauded: "reads like a first-class thriller." "As brilliantly written," Andrew Greeley blurbed the American edition, "as a prize-winning mystery story." The master speaks.

Lacking any (and I mean not the slightest shred of) evidence that the pope was murdered—lacking, in other words, a *sensational* story—Cornwell opts for "true crime" atmosphere and talking heads. Depress record button, write book. *A Thief in the Night* is less the story of an investigation than a catty catalogue of Vatican talebearing. "You see how it is," a certain monsignor confides to Cornwell. "The Vatican is a court, a palace of gossipy eunuchs. The whole place floats on a sea of brilliant bitchery." At court, of course, there is a regent; here the pope. Cornwell actually met the Holy Father, who acknowledged the investigator's initiative, and then (I'm quoting Cornwell exactly) said:

> I . . . want . . . you . . . to . . . know . . . that . . . you . . . have . . . my . . . support . . . and . . . blessing . . . in . . . this . . . work . . . of . . . yours!

We are to understand that the Polish pope speaks slowly in English, *and* that the "official" Church robotically espouses formalistic clichés.

Cornwell came to Rome and got his story. He straightens a few of the crooked "clues" that so inflamed Yallop, and gets firsthand some testimony that scuttles the buoyant claims of conspiracy and murder, but *A Thief in the Night: The Mysterious Death of Pope John Paul I* is so anticlimactic (what "mystery"?), and so weighed down by the writer's homage to pulp fiction that it is not even of interest as a welcome refutation of an anti-Catholic slander. □

The Long View

J. O. TATE

WITH THE PASSING of Robert Penn Warren, Andrew Lytle is now the only original contributor to *I'll Take My Stand* (1930) yet living—and not only that. He is the dean of Southern writers, and gets my vote as the nation's Grand Old Person of Letters—with all due respect to Eudora Welty, William Maxwell, and a few others, you understand.

From Eden to Babylon: The Social and Political Essays of Andrew Nelson Lytle, edited by M. E. Bradford (Regnery Gateway, 288 pp., $19.95)

Andrew Lytle remains the potent novelist of *The Long Night* (1936), *At the Moon's Inn* (1941), *A Name for Evil* (1947), and *The Velvet Horn* (1957)—titles never to be forgotten, if we've been allowed to hear of them, and have read the narratives they denote. His short stories, such as "Mr. MacGregor" and "Jericho, Jericho, Jericho," are anthology pieces that have sometimes been displaced by contemporary fluff. His literary criticism (gathered in *The Hero with the Private Parts*, 1966) shows analytical insight, artistic fellow-feeling, and agrarian urbanity. He wrote some of the best commentary on Faulkner and Caroline Gordon, and on Flaubert and Tolstoy too. In his literary essays the power of Lytle's teaching is also suggested. Flannery O'Connor was one of his students.

So the first thing to be said of *From Eden to Babylon*, a collection of Mr. Lytle's social and political essays, is that it is new, needed, and necessary: new because these pieces have been scattered hither and yon since 1930 and never collected; needed because this assembly would be an onerous project if attempted individually; and necessary because of what these essays say, and who wrote them.

Mr. Lytle takes the long view. His judgments, assertions, and values aren't opinions, or sound bites processed to fill the vacuum of the mass mind either as entertainment or political logrolling. His sensibility and personality have altered little in nearly sixty years of discourse. At 87, he isn't maneuvering for position or grandstanding—he never was. Lytle's vision of human nature, rather than any calculus of immediate gain, controls his rhetoric and assures his integrity.

Lytle's view of the contemporary situation is informed by his sense of America and its history. His understanding of the Revolution, Constitution, and Civil War has the merit of actually lending some coherent meaning to those entangled phenomena. The result is that his Revolution is not a TV mini-series, his Constitution was not written in a Beltway think-tank, and his Civil War had two sides.

As the last of the Vanderbilt Agrarians, Mr. Lytle has long seen history as landed and familial, and has held that

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farming—freehold, small-family farming, not slave plantations, and not modern robotic agribusiness either—is the core of our civilization, giving us a model of stewardship, a definition of roles, and a meaning to existence. No "soft primitivist," Lytle has held that human endeavor in uneasy balance with the natural world is the strenuous and productive model of life, one consonant with the Bible. That's worth remembering when young people seem to think that weather comes from television and milk from cartons.

Lytle's repeated warnings not to confuse the private with the public must register with force, since that very confusion is our national obsession, not only in the relentless vulgarity of the mass media but also in the poisonous imperatives of feminism insisting that "the personal is the political." The result of entrenched abuse is our distorted environment. Lytle's warnings against Puritanical assumptions must remind us—as the Bush Administration goes through the motions of a drug policy—that prohibition of a forbidden substance is an ineffectual heresy:

> The rough laws of nature may be defined, but nature is finally a mystery as it acts upon man. It is the very ground of a religious state of mind. When the formal religion of society knows less than the farmer about the mysteries of creation, then that society is likely not to know itself adequately and so suffer unneeded limitations. The great puritan heresy puts evil in the object, in a deck of cards, in a woman's hair, in dancing, in that great invention of whisky. The only time that church and state have got together in this country . . . was to pass the prohibition law and create the most powerful and uncontrollable criminal class known in recent years.
>
> Evil cannot be in the object. It must be in the mind and heart. . . .

Using a phrase made famous by a late associate of this journal, Richard Weaver, Lytle sees our history in perspective, the past in the present:

> [Calhoun's] wisdom diminishes that of all his disciples, and I take it the Agrarians were pretty much that. All he had to go on was his imagination and a care for the public thing, that final protection of private life; but he did know that ideas do have consequences, and he knew the meaning implicit in action as well. Before the clarity of his mind how glib now seems Webster's rhetoric, and one wonders how disingenuous it was. Webster is dead, along with Calhoun, but the rhetoric is not. It is the long undertone of history, rising like static when the will fails. It was first heard in the Garden. It is whispered by the mouths of present-day liberalism. . . . It is the tongue that was heard in the corridors when Hiss was on trial. It says publicly that property rights are hostile to human rights, as if one of the human rights, in American belief, is not the right to own property. It has many skins but one body. It casts off Abolitionism to take on humanitarianism. It is the lips of the man who says the idle pleasant word. It is the gift which costs the giver nothing. It is the largesse of spending another's money. Pierre Bezukhov practices it when he gave orders to improve his peasants' lot only to increase their sorrows. It is the fairweather friend. It undertakes the act but refuses the responsibility for it. It says in the nature of things all men are created free and equal. It is always assuming the prerogatives of the godhead and ends up cutting the Gordian knot. Perhaps as rhetoric its harm would pass but somewhere behind there is always the box of Beecher's bibles. It is finally dangerous because it is in every man. It is compassion for man's lot, but it is sloth and therefore self-betrayal. It wants the body of the world without the pain and effort of earning it, or caring for it. Babylon is its reward and its doom.

Passages like that one—if we appreciate their vision or even their theology—must make us grateful to the Grand Old Person of Letters who wrote them.

The gratitude must be extended also to M. E. Bradford, not only for his editing of this collection, but also for the clarity and order of his Introduction, which places Lytle where he belongs in the history of conservatism. The result is a volume that belongs on the shelf next to works of T. S. Eliot, Russell Kirk, and Richard Weaver; or that belongs wherever we might need to put it so we can absorb the long view of Andrew Lytle:

> Prayers are forbidden in school. They will soon be forbidden in churches, as we set the computer upon the altar. The need for etiquette and ceremony grows less. Many young people are marrying behind the church rather than in it. These are couples who deny the very meaning of family by aborting. . . .
>
> . . . To address the Muse, to thank the Muse, always in formal matters, that is to accept the divine mysteries behind our acts, is repugnant to us. We are independent. We did it all by ourselves. And so beset by hubris we are gradually losing the meaning of our institutions; we are even changing the birthdays of our heroes to suit the convenience of a weekend. At this pace no society can hold together. □

Is Virtue Dead?

ELIZABETH P. McCAUGHEY

As Americans self-confidently embark upon a third century of democracy, and as the people of Eastern Europe throw off oppression and demand free elections, one of our most influential political scientists—Robert Dahl, Sterling Professor Emeritus at Yale—presents a surprisingly pessimistic interpretation of what democracy means today, and under what conditions it will survive in the next century.

Democracy and Its Critics, by Robert Dahl (Yale University Press, 397 pp., $29.95)

Dahl describes two great historical transformations: the birth of democracy in the independent cities of ancient Greece, on a scale so small that all citizens could assemble to participate directly; and the evolution of representative government during the eighteenth, nineteenth, and twentieth centuries—a development that made self-government possible on a truly national scale. Dahl observes that in small city-states such as Athens, where citizens shared common circumstances and a common vision, the good citizen observed the ideal of public virtue, always putting the good of the polis above his private interests. This ideal of public virtue "is so lofty and charming that a modern democrat can hardly fail to be attracted to it," Dahl writes. But modern nations bring together so many diverse, even conflicting, economic interests, cultural viewpoints, and local concerns that it is no longer even possible to aspire to this

Dr. McCaughey is a constitutional scholar at the Center for the Study of the Presidency in New York City.

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RANDOM NOTES

■ RANDOM NOTES—LITERALLY. I had a beer recently with my pal Troy Bourbon (not his real name), formerly of Goode & Knobler (not a real house), and he told me the movement of players from one publisher to the next (not to mention out into the cold) is more confusing than the winter trades in major-league baseball. No wonder S. I. Newhouse is said to have negotiated with Peter Ueberroth about managing Random House.

"Ask me where somebody is." Troy dared.

"Okay," I said, and named a well-known editor.

"I haven't the slightest," Troy said triumphantly. "What'd I tell ya? Nobody knows who's on first any more. Wait a minute. Isn't she proofreading in the Mexican League this winter?"

And the truth is, I had no idea where she was. Last I heard, she was to "announce her future plans shortly," and that was *18 months ago*—a career-crushing hiatus in a game where there aren't many comebacks.

■ Well, when last you read through this space, my former colleague David Klinghoffer, now of the *Washington Times*, was wondering about all this, wondering if Alberto Vitale, the man Random House did hire, would continue Random's tradition of literary excellence. Well, why wonder? Let's ask him.

Mr. Vitale was educated at Turin University and the Wharton School. He began his publishing career at Bantam Books in 1975, and became president of the reorganized Bantam–Doubleday–Dell in 1987. He has been chairman at Random House for about two months. He has a swell office atop the publisher's headquarters in midtown Manhattan.

I asked Mr. Vitale if the character of book publishing has changed.

"Very little," he said, "but to the extent it has changed, it's for the better. The industry is the healthiest it has ever been."

He dismisses the much worried-over slowdown the business experienced throughout much of 1989 as a mere "blip," similar to one the industry went through exactly ten years before.

And the conglomeration of publishers? Vitale sees the advent of the "megahouse" as "a tremendous positive" that, when properly managed, provides the "best of both worlds: economies of scale, *and* individual identity" of formerly separate imprints. He does say that the benefits have, so far, occurred primarily in operational areas.

What about the firings that so frequently accompany the mergers? Is the editorial function compromised when staffs are reduced and remaining editors are spread too thin?

"All departments are looked at and inefficiencies are reduced. What's wrong with that? And as far as I know, throughout the industry, editorial departments have *not* been diminished, either in size or in stature. It would be crazy to do so. So long as we preserve the identity of the imprints, there will be no weaknesses in the new structure. But the proof of the pudding, as they say, is in the eating."

Not that he harbors doubts about the benefits of merger mania and restructuring. He argues that there have probably been more old and distinguished houses *saved* by the new managers than have been eliminated by them.

"In the short term, of course," he says, "there is a human cost, but in what industry—in what part of life, for that matter—is there not?"

I then reiterated a concern expressed in these pages and elsewhere by some conservatives that the pursuit of these new efficiencies, of increased profits and bigger bestsellers, does not bode well for what we rather too loosely refer to as "serious books."

Mr. Vitale, who describes himself as a "conservative liberal," shook his head at this notion.

"Well, that just proves that conservative intellectuals can be as decadent as the extreme Left."

Decadent?

"Stagnant. I thought you people had faith in the market. Let me tell you something: In the next year, three hundred new megabookstores will open in this country. Each of them will carry between forty thousand and fifty thousand titles. Now think about what this means. Yes, there will be bestsellers—lots of them, we hope—and those books, and the income they generate, will fuel the expansion of the retail market just as they have helped publishers expand title output. Consequently, there will be *more* opportunity for scholarly, literary works, not less. Look at the way the university presses have been growing. Innovation is everything; without it, a business will die. A decade ago, no one knew computer books and software, audio and video would be growth areas for publishers, but they have been. Now we face the prospect of the 'electronic book,' transmitted directly to a home computer via radio signals. Perhaps this worries those unwilling to change. If so, they should go into another business."

Well, I suppose another name for a "conservative liberal" might be "social Darwinist," yet it seems to me Mr. Vitale is right. American publishing may be going through a period that is personally uncertain for many (so-called "corporate cultures" *have* changed), but that will almost certainly be a period of growth for the books themselves, popular *and* intellectual. Far from being a danger to the latter, an executive such as Alberto Vitale, unlike his predecessors (Bennett Cerf and Robert Bernstein) not himself a frequent reader of "serious" books, *will* expand the markets for them. Is it an irony? You bet. Capitalism abounds with such ironies. —BRAD MINER

goal, he believes, let alone to achieve it.

As in several of his previous books, Dahl presents the "pluralist model" of modern representative government, and contemporary voter motivation. It's a gloomy model. It regards politics as a marketplace, in which individuals and interest groups struggle to advance self-interest by electing representatives who will serve as their advocates. The legislature, in Dahl's model, is a meeting of agents from different and competing constituencies, each struggling to gain the most from government and surrender the least. He contends that conflicts arising from the complexity and diversity of a nation like the United States (particularly between the working class and the economically powerful) make it impossible for citizens to be inspired by any vision of a common national purpose. Dahl calls the ideal of virtuous leadership for the common good a "lost tradition" and "irrelevant" to modern life. But he underestimates the importance of the ideals of virtuous leadership and national purpose in the development of democratic institutions. In *Democracy and Its Critics*, he traces the history of democratic thought without even mentioning the contributions of America's founding generation, although he sparred with James Madison in an earlier work, *A Preface to Democratic Theory* (1956). Like Dahl, the Antifederalists who opposed the U.S. Constitution two hundred

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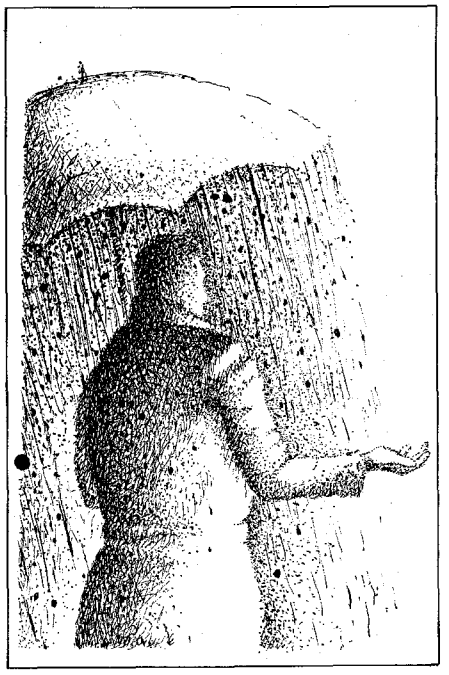
years ago doubted that a nation as vast and diverse as the United States could share common interests and be governed on the principle of public virtue. The Antifederalists would be pluralists today. In response to these men of little faith, James Madison composed one of the most important political treatises ever written, *The Federalist No. 10*, in which he explained that virtuous leadership was *more* possible in a large, heterogeneous nation than in a small city state such as Athens. In the United States, Madison observed, each election district was so large and included so many different constituents that representatives would be compelled to serve many different interests and be servile to none. When the Antifederalists demanded that members of Congress be elected annually and submit to instructions and recall by their home districts, defenders of the Constitution replied that congressmen should not be so dependent on their local constituents that they could not take a broader view of national issues. Congress was to be more than a mirror of public opinion. As Madison explained in *The Federalist*, the purpose of the new Constitution was to encourage the election of wise, virtuous leaders and afford them enough independence to govern for the good of the whole.

In 1836, the year Madison died, Alexis de Tocqueville predicted that Americans would reject the ideals of the founding generation; that in their passion for equality Americans would deny their political leaders the ability to govern for the common good by making their representatives in Congress mere spokesmen for local interests. But Tocqueville's prediction proved only half true. Few of us today would say we vote for the virtuous candidate, but when we elect our representatives, we entrust government to them, which means we expect them at times to echo our opinions and barter for our interests, but at other times to exercise their disinterested judgment and broad vision. Dahl's pluralist model reduces a legislature to a trading floor crowded with agents, each hustling for the biggest share of the nation's wealth, while Madison's model elevates the legislature to a deliberative assembly of statesmen working for one nation and pursuing one interest, the public good.

Dahl's underlying motives are revealed in the book's final section, "Toward a Third Transformation," wherein he suggests what changes democratic nations will have to make in the next century to achieve "the vision of a people governing themselves as political equals." Like other pluralists, Dahl is troubled that the politics of self-interest do not always result in the fairest distribution of goods and rewards, because not all citizens are equally effective at asserting their interests. The rich and economically powerful, he contends, wield the most political clout and win more than their share of the spoils. Dahl presents a radical agenda for change that includes restructuring corporate ownership and control, doing away with out-



Robert Caputo

side investors, and allotting to each worker an equal share in the ownership of business and an equal vote in corporate decisions. He is outraged by economic inequality, and he is passionately committed to a redistribution of wealth and economic power. (Although many social critics look to the judiciary to correct the imperfect or unjust results of the democratic process, Dahl refuses to make the judges our Platonic guardians.)

Far from clouding the issues, the tone of moral outrage in this section clarifies what has been a shadowy, half-hidden theme throughout the book. Democracy, with the improvements Dahl suggests, is finally revealed to be a means not an end. In Dahl's vision of ideal democracy, every citizen seeks out political information, analyzes it, and makes enlightened judgments about what political choices will maximize his self-interest. Yet Dahl's agenda for change makes almost no mention of the urgent need to improve basic public education. What are we to do about the swelling underclass of illiterate, politically alienated young people who are products of our failing inner-city schools? Redistributed wealth in the hands of illiterate citizens will not preserve self-government. A drastic commitment of resources to public education, not the restructuring of capitalism, is needed to prepare the nation for another century of democracy.

Dahl ends by proposing a "minipopulus," or congress of one thousand adults drawn randomly from the population, which, he argues, would reflect public opinion more accurately than our *elected* legislatures. Dahl assumes that any randomly chosen person can represent another person with the same socio-economic interests, and consequently argues that this randomly composed body would legitimately "represent" the nation. However, true democrats, whose political motivations are broader than self-interest and who expect their elected leaders to do more than mirror public opinion, will find Dahl's proposal demeaning.

No wonder that when Dahl looks toward non-democratic nations (in Eastern Europe, for instance), he judges it unlikely free governments can be established there. There is no place in Dahl's theory of political behavior for the noble aspirations that inspired Vaclav Havel, and moved people throughout Eastern Europe to revolt; for many at the cost of their lives. Dahl lists five conditions favorable to the birth of democracy and finds them lacking in unfree nations. Unfortunately he left leadership off the list. He failed to account for Lech Walesa. Of course, *no one* dreamed that democratic revolution would occur in Eastern Europe just as this book was being published. But those who appreciate the impact of principled leaders on the political aspirations of ordinary citizens waited hopefully and were rewarded. Was Dahl disappointed? Probably not, although he may have blushed a bit as the Berlin Wall came down.

This is a provocative, scholarly, and elegantly written book treating ques-

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tions about self-government that philosophers and nation builders have been probing for centuries. But Dahl's underlying assumptions, about the character of our citizens and the purpose of the political process, are uninspiring. Anyone who hopes that the nation will strive toward good government and moral leadership, and the preservation of self-government as well, will find *The Federalist* a more useful guidebook for the twenty-first century. The central principle of that book remains true today: the aim of every democracy must be to choose leaders who have "the most wisdom to discern, and the most virtue to pursue, the common good of society." □

Bellow's Best

JEFFREY HART

Some of Saul Bellow's recent fiction has not fared so well with the critics. *The Dean's December* was treated by some with substantial reserve, and the recent *The Theft* had a mixed reception; opinion was all over the place. Some went so far as to mutter that Bellow, now eighty-five, might just be getting old.

Of course, virtually all writers have their ups and downs. I can imagine the boys late at night over at the Mermaid Tavern: "I don't know about old Will these days. That *Cymbeline* tonight couldn't touch *Lear*." Or, much later in London: "You know, Charles could really write in *David Copperfield*. Don't you think *The Old Curiosity Shop* represents a great falling-off?"

The Bellarosa Connection, by Saul Bellow (Penguin, 102 pp., $6.95)

The good news is that *The Bellarosa Connection* is Bellow at his brilliant best. It is a stylistic triumph. Everything he attempts on the page works. *The Bellarosa Connection* is a 102-page novella that in many respects brings *Gatsby* to mind: the genre of the novella, to be sure, but also the scene-by-scene brilliance, the humor, and its large, profound American reflections. Now, it may be ultimately judged that this novella isn't quite as good as *Gatsby*. I can't be sure; but wouldn't you want to write a novel that "might not be as good as *Gatsby*"?

The narrator is a self-made Jewish millionaire, quite literate and reflective. His fortune has come from his Mnemosyne Institute. He himself has a prodigious memory, has studied the phenomenon of memory carefully, and spent forty years at his Institute teaching memory improvement to executives, politicians, generals, whomever. He has now retired, his (gentile) wife has died, and though he lives in tasteful luxury in Philadelphia, he is lonely and a little sad.

It is through this narrator that we meet Harry Fonstein of New Jersey, a successful businessman, and his wife, Sorella. Sorella, though very fat, is also intelligent, wise, and formidable; and one of the fine things about the book is the narrator's growing perception of Sorella's greatness. Who said Bellow can't write about women?

But, as the story commences, it is Harry Fonstein who occupies the foreground, and what a tale his life amounts to. As a young man, he escaped from Poland and managed to get to Italy where he was far from safe either. The Italians were rounding up Jews and turning them over to the SS. But who saves his life?

Billy Rose, that's who—Billy Rose, the Jewish impresario, the Aquacade man, the husband of the swimmer Eleanor Holm. In this book Rose corresponds structurally to Gatsby (or to Conrad's Kurtz), the bizarre figure we approach only slowly, and with increasing knowledge.

Tim Bower

Rose had gangster connections in Italy, and through them he was able to save a great many Jews, including Fonstein. That is the meaning of the title, *The Bellarosa Connection*: "Bellarosa" was what the Italian gangsters called Billy Rose.

Ever since escaping and reaching America, Fonstein has wanted to meet Rose, if only to shake hands and say thanks. But Rose will not see him, or answer his notes, and even cuts him at Sardi's. Fonstein's obsession with meeting Rose is a bit mysterious. Perhaps it is sincere gratitude, perhaps awe of Rose as a "celeb," perhaps a sense of closing the whole affair, or maybe the view that since Rose once did something noble there must be a touch of nobility about him.

In fact, Rose is a louse.

Through an employee of Rose, Sorella has come into the possession of a journal that meticulously describes Rose's corruption. Though Rose is a victim of extreme sexual underdevelopment, he relentlessly pursues chorus girls, who roar with laughter when he takes his clothes off. The journal provides an account of thefts, frauds, bribery, arson, and even murders.

On vacation in Israel purposely to track down Rose, Sorella gets to confront him in his suite at the King David Hotel. (Billy's there to finance a Rose Garden memorial to himself, designed by Noguchi.)

His behavior is vile. But Sorella is just as tough and rises above him, and, realizing what a worm he is, physically hurls the journal at him. She abandons any idea of her husband meeting a low creature like that.

Throughout this novella, Bellow's style is much more than adequate. Here is Rose, all venom, on what must have been the only decent thing he ever did:

> "No personal concern for a man you rescued?" [Sorella asks.]
>
> "I did all I could," said Billy. "And for that point of time, that's more than most can say. Go holler at Stephen Wise. Raise hell with Sam Rosenman. Guys were sitting on their hands. They would call on Roosevelt and Cordell Hull, who didn't care a damn for Jews, and they were so proud and happy to be close enough to the White House, even getting the runaround was such a delicious privilege.
>
> "FDR snowed those famous rabbis

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when they visited him. . . . Now what do you want from me—that I didn't receive your husband! What's the matter? I see you did all right. Now you have to have special recognition?"

Fonstein never meets the contemptible Billy Rose, which is just as well. Sorella is tough enough to triumph morally over such a degraded character, and, as she fully understands, who would want to shake his hand anyway? Appropriately it is Sorella who asks one of the major questions raised by the book:

> "But if you want my basic view, here it is: The Jews *could survive everything* Europe threw at them. I mean the lucky remnant. But now comes the next test—America. Can they hold their ground, or will the U.S.A. be too much for them?"

Or as the narrator later muses: "You pay a price for being a child of the New World."

Indeed the narrator is scarcely Jewish at all. His widow had been a gentile and his favorite poet, apparently, is George Herbert.

This theme has much application beyond the question of Jewishness. Maybe the modernizing thrust of America really is too much for ethnic particularity. The Irish, the Italians, the Poles, no doubt others, would understand. The melting pot probably melts more than Glazer and Moynihan thought. Modernity has impinged with enormous force even on the Catholic Church. Was Hitler, as compared with freedom and pluralism, really not much?

Billy Rose, the monster who once did a noble thing, inevitably here becomes a great character in an *American* novel, enough to make Sorella's point in a different way.

Saul Bellow is back, if, indeed, he ever was away. □

SOUND ON DISC

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RALPH DE TOLEDANO

Louis Armstrong *& His Orchestra, 1932-1933* (BMG RCA–Bluebird 9759 2 RB). Before the "swing era" had brought jazz back into the American musical mainstream, Louis Armstrong was continuing his rise as *the* greatest of jazz trumpets, improvisers, and showmen. There was not a jazz instrumentalist in the late Twenties and Thirties who was not influenced by Louis—and that influence persisted until bop and its successors debased the currency. In this album, Louis was leading a rather routine band and recording what was not the very best of the Tin Pan Alley output. But from these tunes, he carved out solos that were lyric, beautifully phrased. "That's My Home" became a classic at the hands of Satchelmouth, as did other selections included here.

Fats Waller: The Last Years, 1940-1943 (BMG RCA–Bluebird 9883-2 RB). Fats Waller, the rotund stride pianist, contributed mightily to the school of Harlem jazz. On the stage of the old Apollo Theater in New York, he could electrify an audience by the power and inventiveness of his pianistics, his tremendous drive, and a personality which rose to the topmost balcony. But at small recording sessions and when jamming with his contemporaries, he evoked a blues spirit and a sensitivity which rivaled that of any jazz pianist of his time. He was also a showman and a clown, in the classic sense of the word, and thus transformed some of the shoddiest products of Tin Pan Alley into music and entertainment. He also wrote and popularized some of the finest jazz standards of his era, "Aint Misbehavin'" being the best known of them. Now Bluebird has put together three CDs of his final output—a memorial to a jazz great.

Hoagy Carmichael: Stardust and Much More (BMG RCA–Bluebird 8333-2-RB) is a compendium of one man's contribution to jazz, as composer of such notable standards as "Stardust" and "Rockin' Chair" and other lovely melodies—and as a performer with some of the pioneering jazz orchestras. He was one of the early adulators of Bix Beiderbecke and an arranger of some distinction, though to millions he is known as the man who played piano behind Lauren Bacall in what-was-that-Bogart-movie? This CD features him with Jean Goldkette, Beiderbecke, solo, with his own orchestra, or even with the Sunny Clapp band. As nostalgia and as jazz, this is one you should have.

Basie Beginnings: Bennie Moten's Kansas City Orchestra, 1929-1932 (BMG RCA–Bluebird 9768-2-RB). Count Basie set the jazz world on fire with his solidly rocking band in the Thirties when he hit New York. But he did not spring full-armored out of the head of some A & R man. His musical roots and the men he brought with him were strictly Kansas City, which with McKinney's Cotton Pickers, the Jay McShann band, and Bennie Moten's orchestra had dominated jazz in the central Mississippi basin. What the Kansas City school contributed to jazz and gave to Basie is all here on this exciting CD in which the Count is featured on piano. It should give pause to those who believe that Fletcher Henderson and Duke Ellington invented "big band" jazz.

Glenn Miller: The Popular Recordings, 1938-1942 (BMG RCA–Bluebird 9785-2-RB). In the swing era, the Glenn Miller Orchestra synthesized all the elements of "big band" jazz and gave a generation of young people the apotheosis of dance music: smooth, sophisticated, and with a patina of sentimentality. There was no other like it at college proms and hotel ballrooms. Righteous jazz buffs paid it little mind, but millions of people did. And when he took his orchestra into the Army, then disappeared during a routine flight, Glenn Miller became a legend. The music he made is now preserved in a three-CD album for those who once heard him and for those who only heard of him.

Two of a Mind: Paul Desmond and Gerry Mulligan (BMG RCA–Bluebird 9654-2-RB). Of the jazz that emerged in the Fifties, I can listen with pleasure to Charlie Parker, to Paul Desmond, and to Gerry Mulligan—saxophones all. These had not forsaken the legacy of three decades—and they did not forget that, among other things, jazz is melody and beat. Paul Desmond and Gerry Mulligan created a rich style of their own, and they were fortunate in recording after the LP had liberated jazz from the tyranny of the three-minute 78-rpm shellac. They could let their ideas flow into musical complexities and out of them. Of the six numbers in this collection of reissues, "The Way You Look Tonight" runs to 7:19 minutes and "Stardust" to

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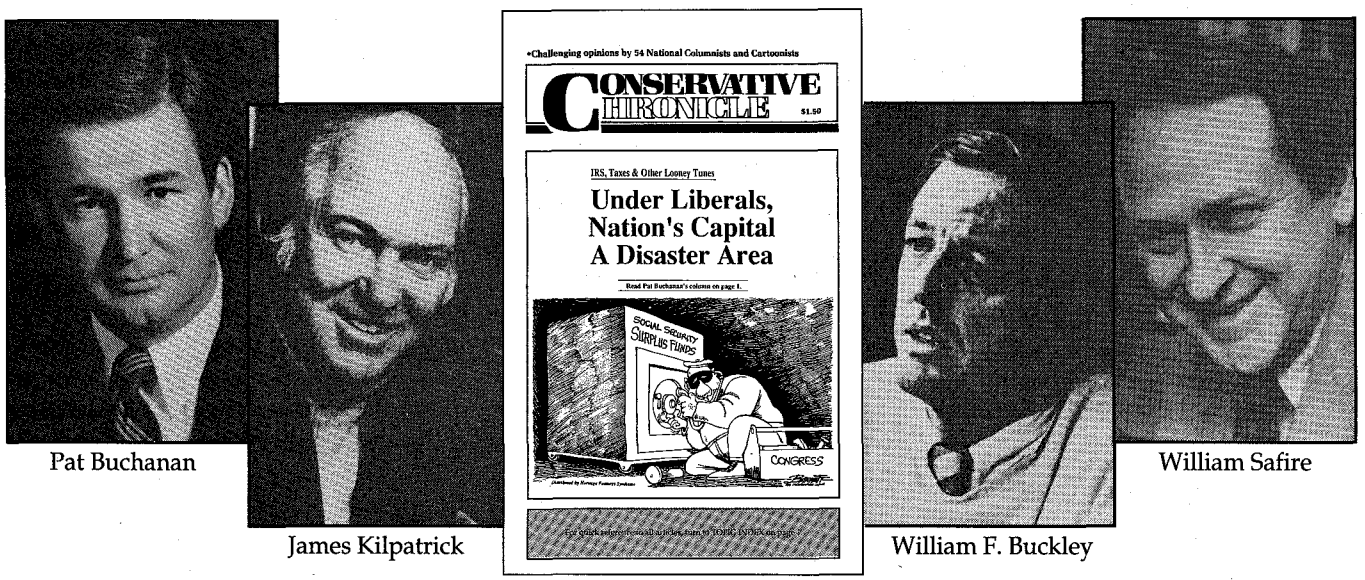

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8:20 minutes—enough to allow a full and memorable flowering.

Three Great Swing Saxophones: Coleman Hawkins, Ben Webster, Benny Carter (BMG RCA–Bluebird 9683-2-RB). Why these three great saxophones should be tied to the swing era is a question. Many of the selections included were recorded before the music went down and around. Hawkins, who made his reputation with the Fletcher Henderson Orchestra, revolutionized tenor-sax playing with his big tone and wonderful *legato* phrases. Ben Webster came out of Kansas City and was known for the classical restraint of his playing as well as his inspired improvisation. Benny Carter played clarinet and trumpet as well as alto sax, and was a top-notch arranger. Here all three are shown at the height of their talents. Included is Hawkins's most famous solo, "Body and Soul."

Schubert: Symphonies 1 to 9 & Rosamunde (excerpts) (CBS Masterworks M5K 45661). In the 15 or so years of his serious composition, Franz Schubert turned out such a great body of music that to this day much of it has yet to be performed. Much of what he composed lay hidden away, only to be discovered by George Grove and Arthur Sullivan after his death. And it was not until 11 years later that Robert Schumann found the "Great" C Major Symphony and turned it over to Mendelssohn for a triumphal performance. Over the years much has been written of Schubert that is sheer nonsense, and recently the critics have taken to exploring some of the sordid aspects of his life as if they somehow contravened what is set down on music notepaper. So we are told earnestly that it is a pity that he was not better instructed in harmony and counterpoint, tutored to restrain his "prodigious spontaneity"—and instructed to limit the thematic material in his symphonies. We are also admonished that his earlier symphonic work was but a celebration of Haydn, Mozart, and Beethoven.

Now I confess that my own views of Schubert's music may be thoroughly wrong-headed. His *lieder*, which have occupied the attention of a cult of singers, bore me—as do those of Hugo Wolf—and I stay away from them in large numbers. I am restrained in my appreciation of his chamber works. But I have been perhaps too fervidly appreciative of his symphonic works since I heard as a boy the so-called "Unfinished," about which also much nonsense has been written. I have always felt, though with no scholarly authority, that Schubert wrote the first two movements, embarked on a third, and realized that he had said all he wanted and therefore proceeded no further. Again, I think it is romanticizing to argue that he wrote No. 9 (the "Great") in a month during his last year of life. From internal evidence, a convincing case can be made that Schubert had worked on it for at least three years, and only brought it all together shortly before he died.

All this, of course, is trivia for the musicologists—and based on supposition, since Schubert wrote almost nothing about music, his or that of others, in his notebooks and his letters. What is important is that the symphonies are works of great lyricism, power, exuberance, and inspiration. We have them all on CD, boxed with somewhat perfunctory notes, with Daniel Barenboim conducting the Berliner Philharmoniker. And Barenboim is an excellent conductor to give us a traversal of these works. He is steady, unassuming, and insightful, and that gives us more than what Virgil Thomson called Toscanini's "wow" technique. Or are there some Furtwängler tapes in the vaults? □

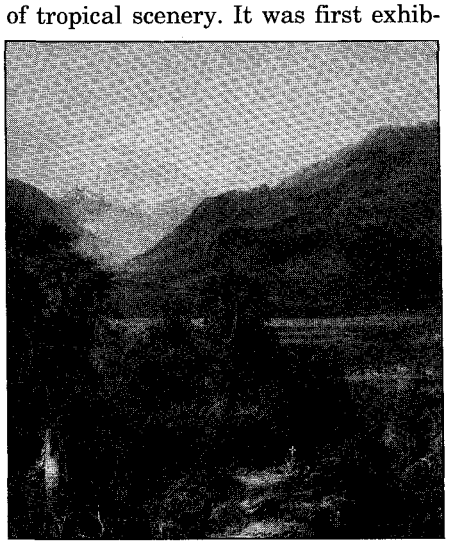
ART

Heart of the Hudson

JAMES GARDNER

LITTLE OR NOTHING in our experience approximates the thoroughly American and thoroughly extinct nineteenth-century tradition of "Great Painting." When our ancestors invoked this term, they meant something very specific. They referred to the exhibition of a single large canvas, usually a minutely detailed landscape suffused with moral sentiment, which the general public, inspired by Barnumesque hooplah, eagerly paid its hard- earned pennies to see.

The grandest of the Great Paintings of the nineteenth century was undoubtedly Frederic Edwin Church's *Heart of the Andes*, an expansive vista of tropical scenery. It was first exhibited in New York's Tenth Street Studio Building in 1859, the year of Darwin's *Origin of Species* and Wagner's *Tristan*. A photograph preserves for us the installation's appearance. Separated from an adoring public by a wooden railing, the picture was almost overwhelmed by a massive, ornate oak frame whose topmost part was draped in cascading folds of shagged and tasseled vermilion velvet. Above, in a canopied cartouche, were portraits of our first three Presidents. Surrounded by imported palms in a dramatically darkened room, the painting could be seen only by gaslight. Some visitors strained their eyes to read pamphlets that pious churchmen had written about the painting, and that were being hawked in the gallery. Others gazed through opera-glasses and metal tubes and thought they were *really in the Andes*. For seven weeks a stream of visitors crowded into the cramped and overheated chamber, and by the end of it all, Church had become a wealthy man.



The Metropolitan Museum of Art/bequest of Mrs. David Dows

Detail from "Heart of the Andes" by Frederic Edwin Church (1859).

By good fortune, something of the same drama can now be found at the huge Church retrospective at the National Gallery in Washington. The *Heart of the Andes* forms the centerpiece of the show, and the organizers have gone to some lengths to simulate

Mr. Gardner writes about art for NR, Commentary, *and* Seven Days.

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its original installation. This painting, over five feet high and ten feet across, is magical in its effect. The viewer, held illogically aloft, seems to float through the warm, humid air, fanned by the fine mist that rises from the far-off waterfall. Amid an incalculable wealth of details, he notices a humble native in the left foreground, kneeling before a rustic cross. Diverted to far right by an unlikely flash of violets, the viewer is next enticed into an ancient forest, whose green glooms are relieved here and there by spots of sunlight. Emerging from these depths, he glides over white waterfalls and through the lush maze of foothills and valleys, into layers of cloud, until he finds himself at last upon a snow-capped pinnacle.

Heart of the Andes was only one of many successes in the career of Frederic Edwin Church (1826-1900). Church's career began under the tutelage of the sweet if imperfect master of landscapes, Thomas Cole. Like Cole, Church wanted only one thing in his life, to be a painter of nature. He reached maturity at the precise moment when landscape painting was at its zenith, during the glory days of Manifest Destiny and of the Hudson River School, the first indigenous American art movement. Patriotic sentiment was at such a fever pitch just then that one had no need of Muses. Struggling to distinguish themselves from their European forebears, our artists reveled in the thrilling bigness of North American nature. Sweeping plains, massive mountain ranges, and mighty rivers were conscripted into the democratic project, in rejection of the corseted and implicitly aristocratic daintiness of the Old World. Such yearnings were never exemplified better than in Church's paintings.

Though Church would soon reject the delicate, childlike poetry that was Cole's most conspicuous grace, though he would soon outstrip his master in the conception of the whole and in the detailing of the parts of his landscapes, his early works nevertheless betray Cole's influence. They bear the marks of mainstream romanticism, which could never look upon nature without seeing flattering reflections of itself. The restrained autumnal tones of *Scene of the Catskill Creek* (1847), wherein a lone rowboat idles over the glassy water at earliest morning, recall the rhetoric of poets like William Cullen Bryant. Every stroke in the painting makes its parsonical point.

Soon after Cole's death in 1848, however, Church evolved a new manner, inspired by the sharp and detailed naturalism of recent European developments like daguerreotypes, Biedermeier portraiture, and pre-Raphaelite landscapes. Though John Ruskin, whose manifesto *Modern Painters* was the pre-eminent document of this fashion, rarely liked Church's paintings (or indeed anything else), his insistence on fidelity to nature was never heeded more assiduously than by the young American. *Above the Clouds at Sunrise* has stripped away the last remaining genteelness of his earlier style. Amid the shrill clash of pinks and mauves, pine trees violently pierce the early mists to fling the viewer's attention away from the center up into orange clouds.

Yet even at his most photographic, Church needed to find some reflection of human preoccupation in an impersonal nature. Inspired by the writings of Baron Humboldt, the leading naturalist of the early nineteenth century, Church was confident of a superior and benign order that stamped itself upon every tree, rock, and blade of grass. Wherever he roamed in his career, whether amid the sounding cataracts of Niagara Falls, the rain-forests of South America, or the glaciers of the Far North, Church found abun-

Jeffrey Hart aligns his critical approach with the central tradition, which starts with Samuel Johnson and extends to such luminaries as Edmund Wilson and Lionel Trilling. Writing about figures as diverse as Willmoore Kendall, Hobey Baker, Ludwig Wittgenstein, and C. S. Lewis, Hart's essays remain sociable and accessible —entertaining and provocative.

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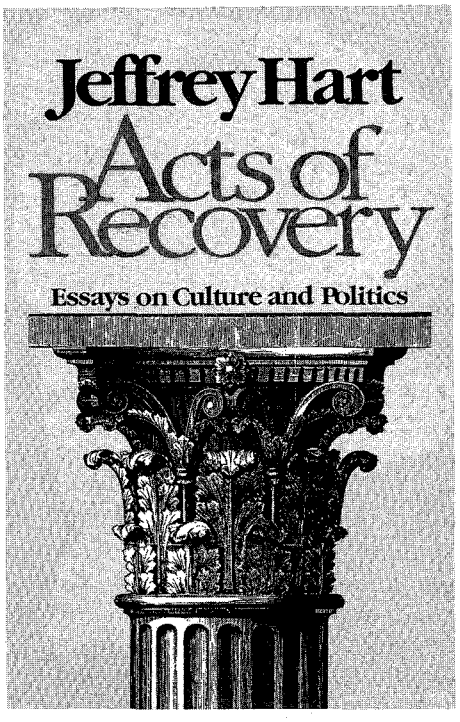

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dant confirmation that this was so. *The Icebergs* speaks to us about keeping the faith amid total desolation. The sun that shines over the tumult of the sea in *Coast Scene, Mount Desert* symbolizes the endurance of God in spite of all earthly adversity. The rainbow that arcs across the sky in *Rainy Season in the Tropics* tells of God's goodness and promises redemption.

Unfortunately for Church, the public at large was undergoing a change of heart. After Darwin, Humboldt's cosmic harmony was a dead letter. In the aftermath of the Civil War, with Manifest Destiny an accomplished fact, landscape painting lost its preeminence and the public grew ever less patient of Church's painstaking detail. He tried his hand at painting the architecture of Greece and the Holy Land, but his scenes of *Petra*, the *Parthenon*, and *Syria by the Sea* lack the coherence and conviction of his landscapes.

It was Church's sad fate that the man survived the artist by a full generation. By the time he died in 1900, few people remembered who he was. Their allegiance was transferred to the gorgeous, laden palette of George Inness, and to the domestic scenes of Childe Hassam. Church, for his part, lived to a happy old age at Olana, his Persian palace on the Hudson River. It was here that he tended the magnificent gardens that can still be seen by the visitor, and here that he provided his family with a princely home that was the fruit of many years of prosperous artistic activity.

Only in recent years has Church's reputation revived. Now he is deservedly one of the heroes of our art. His legacy is a substantial one, in both size and quality. Though his paintings sometimes smell of the nineteenth-century hothouse, their execution is so fastidious and their charm is so great that it is almost impossible to pass any one of these vistas without wishing that you were really there, without feeling, in fact, that you already are.

And yet the inevitable question presents itself: How good are these landscapes as works of art? Such is their charm that one may not feel the need to ask the question at all; but having asked it, one is compelled to the lugubrious conclusion that they leave something to be desired. Their ambitions are spiritual and experimental, rather than artistic. They seek to convey some philosophical conviction, and at the same time to give the viewer no reason to believe that he is not in the tropics, not on the Hudson, not atop an iceberg. The exigencies of formal excellence, however, the artful composing of the whole, the compelling application of colors and tones, the lovely, painterly energizing of a square inch of canvas, such things as these made little or no claim upon Frederic Edwin Church. Some details, it is true, like the violets in *Heart of the Andes*, are so finely done that they manage to break through the usual limitations and to become art. But these inspired masterstrokes cannot redeem an entire career that was spent in search of something else. What does redeem it ultimately is the indestructible enchantment that these paintings shed, an enchantment reaching deeper into our souls even than the enticements of pure form. Art is not the only thing, nor even the most important thing, after all. □

ARCHITECTURE

Memories of Mumford

SELDEN RODMAN

When I first met Lewis Mumford at his home in Sunnyside Gardens, the "Utopian community" he'd helped to found (this was in the early Thirties), he struck me as humorless, guilt-ridden, and conceited. When I tangled with him almost a decade later during the conflict between interventionists and non-interventionists, I thought him racist for insisting that the whole German people should pay the price for Hitler's madness. So it is a tribute to author Donald L. Miller that I came away from his exhaustive biography of Mumford, who died last month at 94, with a grudging respect for the man the *New York Times* obituary called "a visionary social critic."

In addition to his *Lewis Mumford: A Life* (Weidenfeld & Nicolson, 628 pp., $24.95), Mr. Miller has also edited *The Lewis Mumford Reader* (Pantheon, 391 pp., $14.95), a collection of writings from many of Mumford's more than thirty books. Miller makes it clear there were many Mumfords: the architectural critic and exponent of modernism and regional planning; the cultural and political commentator; the historian and teacher. Miller analyzes the multi-faceted Mumford, balancing flaws and virtues, and includes a fascinatingly detailed report of his hero's wide-ranging sex life.

Mumford, the prophet of architectural modernism and the first to place Frank Lloyd Wright at the head of his profession, came to his calling in a characteristically roundabout way. He was already in graduate school at Columbia when he discovered the work of Patrick Geddes, the Scottish town planner, himself a prophet, although without honor in his own country or, at that time, anywhere else. Geddes believed in "organic" architecture, and that planning must take place in clusters outside large cities. Until Mumford came along, however, he had little to show for his theories. Geddes wanted Mumford to write his biography and make a system of his ideas, but the younger man had no desire to become the sage's acolyte. Nonetheless, Mumford owed Geddes a lot, including, Miller writes, "the courage to break free from the man he admired like a father . . . the self-confidence to become a generalist."

Mumford's earliest books reflect his lifelong conviction that criticism—architectural or otherwise—is trivial if it lacks an ethical component. *The Golden Day* (1926), *Herman Melville* (1929), and *The Brown Decades* (1931) located a rich native tradition in the arts, which he helped to identify and define, and which he came to dominate.

But putting theories into practice was more difficult. Through the Regional Planning Association, which he founded, Mumford secured funding for Sunnyside Gardens on Long Island—also for Radburn in New Jersey—but the practical results of the theoretical model were less than inspiring. Viewed today the clusters of one-story, lower-middle-class dwellings are depressing. But why? Certainly not be-

Mr. Rodman is the author of several books of poetry and art criticism.

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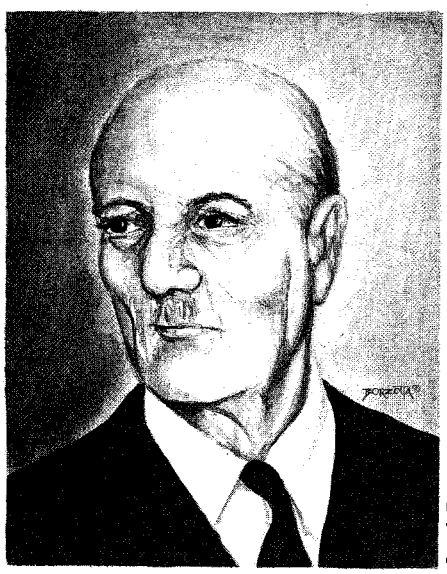

Joseph Borzotta

cause the principal architect, Clarence Stein, lacked talent. It was, rather, that the post-Depression "market" was inhibiting, and the Planning Association, of which Mrs. Roosevelt was a member, never won FDR's interest—or his support. Mumford was disheartened but not defeated.

In 1932, Mumford visited Germany and was impressed by the advanced architecture and town planning there. He saw signs of the Nazi danger, but chose to ignore them, though his wife was a Jew, and he was part Jewish himself. Miller wonders if Mumford's tardy reaction to Hitlerism was the cause of the overreaction that came in 1939-40. By then it was clear the Nazis intended to conquer Europe, England, and, were it possible, the rest of the world, and Mumford not only demanded American entry into the war, he vilified anyone reluctant to join the crusade. He even attacked close friends: Charles Beard, Van Wyck Brooks, Stuart Chase, John T. Flynn, and Frank Lloyd Wright. He was particularly incensed that *The New Republic* and *Common Sense*, the magazine I was editing with Alfred Bingham, refused to endorse his coalition, because one of its partners, Soviet Russia, was at least as brutally repressive as Nazi Germany. Why, we asked, had Mumford never raised a peep of protest against Stalin's terror? Mumford interpreted such assertions as little more than sympathy with fascism. When he found Wright's name associated with an isolationist broadcast, he wrote to his old friend: "You have become a living corpse; a spreader of active corruption!" Wright replied: "Listen, my young friend . . . is meeting force with force the only way you see? Then I am sorry for you—you amateur essayist on culture." Miller tells us that Mumford bought a .30-.30 rifle to protect himself during the fascist invasion he expected, and had vivid nightmares about a face-to-face with Hitler.

The war extorted a grievous price from Mumford when his beloved only son was killed in action in Italy. He wrote about the loss in his moving memoir, *Green Memories*. To his credit, Mumford quickly pulled himself together, and subsequently wrote some of his best books, especially *The City in History* (1958).

It was the book he was born to write; a book that drew upon the varied strains of his intellect and training. Miller writes that "the emphasis in *The City in History* is on control and discipline as 'values for survival'—a book in which diagnosis and discovery, the Freudian's first step toward health and balance, take precedence over everything else." It was a celebrated book, but flawed. One of Mumford's former mistresses put her finger on the problem. Catherine Bauer, who had gone on from a post at the Regional Planning Association to become the most effective proponent of urban development in Washington, hailed *The City in History* as "an unbelievably rich and challenging experience," but said it was far too pessimistic about the future of cities, far too "apocalyptic" in its judgments of the world situation, and far too contemptuous of urban policymakers. Miller agrees and adds that Mumford's curious avoidance of practical questions of power "can be explained as much by Mumford's reliance upon the organic method of social analysis he derived from Patrick Geddes as by his great debt to the equally evasive Emerson. This commitment to an organic perspective allowed Mumford to call himself a revolutionary while he patiently preached orderly, peaceful change." □

BOOKS IN BRIEF

Parting with Illusions, by Vladimir Pozner (Atlantic Monthly Press, 348 pp., $19.95)

THE SOVIET television commentator, who grew up here but was programmed there, *wept* when he thought he'd never be able to come "home" to America, land of Guthrie, Dylan, and Baez. First, though, to Paris, to his Aunt Toto's place, where he remembers her poodle, Prosper. He says, "Dog lovers are funny people." Then on to J.F.K., where Phil Donahue has a limo waiting. Then onto Phil's yacht, *Mugsy*, with both of them in slickers, "the wind howling, and the two of us howling right back"; two men, wet men, dedicated to bilateral humanism.

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TRANS-O-GRAM / Kem Putney

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15 A	16 O	17 L	18 C	19 M		20 H	21 A	22 J	23 P	24 G	25 C	26 D	27 T		28 O	29 G	
30 A	31 F	32 L	33 K	34 R	35 S	36 I	37 B	38 H		39 P	40 F		41 T	42 C	43 A	44 J	
45 K	46 D	47 B		48 P	49 E	50 R	51 C	52 N	53 F	54 Q		55 A	56 D		57 G	58 H	59 O
60 K	61 I	62 L		63 J	64 I	65 B	66 N	67 F	68 C	69 K	70 A	71 T	72 P		73 F	74 M	75 D
76 H	77 R	78 S	79 B	80 C	81 I	82 O	83 N		84 L	85 E	86 G		87 R	88 M	89 G	90 A	91 F
92 H		93 E	94 R	95 B	96 H	97 F	98 G	99 A	100L	101C	102M	103S		104D	105K	106R	107F
108C	109H	110E	111I	112Q		113D	114G		115B	116J	117S	118O		119K	120G	121M	122O
123P	124D	125B	126J	127I	128A	129E		130L	131C	132J	133Q		134P	135D	136O		137J
138K	139E	140A	141D	142T		143I	144K	145N	146F	147Q	148G	149C	150T				

DEFINITIONS

A. Famed African peak — 43 21 128 90 99 15 140 70 30 7 / 55

B. Crime-scene bits and pieces — 65 95 125 115 47 37 79 3

C. Creativity — 51 149 42 18 108 101 68 1 131 80 / 25

D. Parsimonious (hyph.) — 113 141 26 46 124 56 104 14 135 5 / 75

E. Intentionally hardened artery — 139 110 93 85 6 49 129

F. Office "staple" (2 words) — 97 73 67 146 91 31 107 53 40 11

G. Military operation — 114 29 120 148 98 57 24 89 86

H. Bones — 38 20 96 109 76 92 58 4

I. Swing under the big top — 111 81 36 143 127 64 61

J. Ultimate — 116 126 137 10 132 44 63 22

K. Wife of Amenhotep IV — 105 33 13 119 144 138 60 45 69

L. N.T. book — 32 1784 62 2 100 130

M. Frequently — 88 121 102 19 74

N. Beats decisively — 66 145 9 52 83

O. Develops — 122 59 28 118 16 82 136

P. Feticide locale — 123 23 134 72 39 48

Q. Popular Yule foliage — 133 12 147 54 112

R. Kitchenwear — 106 50 77 94 34 87

S. Caravan stop — 8 117 103 35 78

T. Strikebreaking workers — 150 142 71 41 27

DIRECTIONS

The object of TRANS-O-GRAM is to fill in the puzzle diagram by guessing the words from their definitions, and transferring each letter of the guessed word to the correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. When the diagram is filled in it will spell out a quotation from some published work (reading normally from left to right, black boxes indicating the ends of words); also, when the words have all been filled in above, their initial letters will spell out the author and title of the quoted work. The acrostic feature, and the relative word-lengths in the diagram, will assist in the solution. Spelling and definitions on the authority of *Webster's New International Dictionary*, Second Edition. **See page 61 for solution to last Trans-O-Gram.**

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The Sandinistas Lose Or Democracy Loses

NEW YORK, JANUARY 31

While we are at it, an appreciative word should be said about how Jimmy Carter uses his spare time. It is perhaps curious that he should have decided to spend some of it in ghetto sections of Manhattan working as a carpenter—curious because it would seem to be an improvident use of the skills of a former President. But, in an indisputable way, touching. And it is touching that he should show, in his alternative career as mediator, a) such faith in the good faith of the Sandinistas; and b) such faith in the democratic process.

On February 25, there will be elections in Nicaragua. There have been elections in Nicaragua from time to time ever since the Sandinistas made elections meaningless. What is supposed to be special about the elections coming up is that the opposition is promised by the Sandinistas—in the presence of President Carter and others—a fair crack at the electorate. The opposition is bunched about Mrs. Chamorro, a striking figure whose husband was killed by the Somoza gang, causing the family to back the insurgent Sandinistas. The Chamorros registered great dismay when, upon taking power, the Sandinistas proved worse even than the Somocistas; causing a breakup in the family (one son stuck with the Sandinistas; another, and Mrs. Chamorro, struck out with the opposition); causing the Sandinistas to close down the Chamorros' newspaper, which about a year ago was once again permitted to publish, but subject to such harassments as one expects from a state whose policies are about halfway between despotic and totalitarian.

Now the purpose of democracy is to let the good guys win. Some times it isn't known who are the good guys. When U.S. Democrats run against U.S. Republicans, men of good conscience and refined morality might go one way or the other. But one would not say that about an election in which, say, Stalin, or Hitler, or Castro, or Pol Pot, or Mao Tse-tung was one of the contenders, right? Right; and therefore, any contest won by such as these gentlemen would be an indictment of democracy. If a contest between a good guy and a bad guy comes in at 60–40, the tendency is to acclaim democracy for the perfect political instrument it is. But it does leave one wondering how 40 per cent of the country could have been got to vote for the bad guy. And then the question arises: If 40 per cent can be won by the bad guy, isn't it technically possible that he might have increased his vote to 51 per cent? And were he to do so, suddenly we would find that he had become the "democratic choice." And, in the religion of democracy, for that reason inviolable.

Now the Sandinistas signed an elaborate covenant in 1979 in which they promised every freedom listed in our own Bill of Rights. Within two years, they had violated their word on every issue. They set out not only to revolutionize their country after a Marxist model but, using the profusion of arms given to them by Cuba and the Soviet Union, to aid revolutionary activity in neighboring countries. They shut down the press, imprisoned political dissenters, passed a conscription law that scooped up every 18-year-old boy and stuck him in the army. The Sandinistas went on to violate promises made to poor President Arias of Costa Rica. (Do you remember the Arias Peace Plan? It got a Nobel Prize, and accomplished nothing.) International pressure finally caused the Sandinistas to agree to an observed election, which is what will happen on February 25. About which election there is only one thing to say: Either Mrs. Chamorro wins it, or else, unpleasant alternative, a) it was rigged; or else, unpleasantest alternative, b) democracy is once again discredited.

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It is interesting that the Sandinistas' campaign has turned almost exclusively on the infamy of the U.S. action in Panama. What we did in Panama was to oust the man who cheated in the Panamanian elections, and invest as president the man who won the Panamanian elections. One should perhaps not be surprised that the Sandinistas are appalled at military action taken to guard the integrity of the democratic process. The democratic process is something the Sandinistas will either ignore, subvert, or distort. Right in front of Jimmy Carter. □

Senator Moynihan's Crusade

NEW YORK, JANUARY 22

Q. If Senator Moynihan says that it is "thievery" to deviate income collected through Social Security taxes to help to cover the budget deficit, why, as a member of the committee that wrote the current Social Security law, did he vote for it?

A. The only excuse he can come up with is that he assumed that by 1990, when the supplementary Social Security tax was scheduled, the budget would be balanced, so that the revenue raised could go into a fund reserved for Social Security payments.

Q. But by 1988 Senator Moynihan certainly knew we weren't going to have a balanced budget by 1990. Why did he as recently as then speak favorably of the Social Security system?

A. Presumably it was only after 1988 that he began to reflect on the ethical implications of what we are doing.

Q. Is what we are doing unequivocally unethical?

A. Yes as regards terminology. That is, we have no right to say that we are raising taxes in order to buttress the Social Security fund when in fact the money is going elsewhere.

Q. Why do you say that that is a matter of "terminology"?

A. Because there is no inherent reason why Social Security revenues and disbursements should be thought of as a discrete part of the national budget. Defenders of Franklin Delano Roosevelt simply laughed out loud when the

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charge was made, in the late Thirties, that Social Security payments were being spent routinely. The New Dealers pointed out that the Social Security funds existed in the form of IOUs by the Federal Government, which practice has continued ever since; and anyway, they consoled us, remember that we owe it all to ourselves.

Q. Then doesn't it follow that the current rise in Social Security taxes, which is worth about $50 billion per year, is in fact a new tax, in defiance of President Bush's promises?

A. Yes, it is a new tax. But it is not one written under his Administration. It dates back seven years.

Q. Critics point out that the existing Social Security tax structure is highly regressive. For instance, if you earn $51,000 per year, which is the highest figure for which you get nipped by Social Security, you are going to be paying in to Social Security exactly as much as if you were earning $500,000 per year. Isn't that unfair?

A. No, nor is it regressive. The man who pays Social Security taxes on $50,000 is going to get a return of x. The man who is earning $500,000 is also going to get a return of x. If he were getting returns greater than x, then the tax would be regressive. It is, in fact proportional.

Q. What then is the clamor all about?

A. If Mr. Moynihan had his way, the resulting decrease in revenues would make it impossible to meet the demands of the Gramm–Rudman Act. To clip $50 billion of scheduled revenue off our books means that the budget deficit goes up by exactly that much—

Q. Unless the equivalent sum of money is raised by other means, surely? For instance, Senator Hollings has suggested a 5 per cent federal sales tax—

A. Yes of course. But the idea would affront Mr. Bush because unlike a continuation in the Social Security tax pattern, agreed upon in 1983, a sales tax would be a fresh tax. And, by the way, sales taxes, to the extent that they are levied on goods for which the demand is relatively inelastic—bread and aspirin, for instance—are regressive. Poor people eat as much bread as rich people, and need to do so.

Q. What is likely to happen?

A. Mr. Bush is on weak ground to the extent that he declines to admit that the rise in Social Security taxes, going in to lower the budget deficit, is anything less than a terminological hoax. He would be better off saying that it was an anticipated tax, that the revenues are needed, and that those who worry about the deficit ought to do something about lowering it. Maybe Senator Moynihan could be persuaded to support the constitutional amendment that would prohibit deficit spending. □

Exit Robert Taylor

NEW YORK, JANUARY 24

A few weeks ago Hollywood residents discovered that there was no longer a building called the Robert Taylor Building. Disappeared, gone with the wind. Not the building itself, understand. It was still there, with its new owner, Lorimar Productions (*Dallas*, etc.), but it was now the George Cukor Building. Was this an attempt to say something about the late Robert Taylor, the glamorous movie idol who died in 1969 after making almost fifty movies for Metro Goldwyn Mayer? Well, yes, it was. What happened is that a petition circulated by writer Stan Zimmerman was deposited on the desk of Lorimar executives, asking that Robert Taylor's name be expunged on the grounds that he had been a "cooperative" witness when testifying before the House Un-American Activities Committee in 1947 and had committed that grave sin in the moral bible of anti-anti-Communism. He had, as they say, "named names." Manifestly, he was unfit to adorn a building in which screenwriters continued to work.

Now, in 1947 there was much turmoil in Hollywood over the Communist question. We had just finished a very bloody war in partnership with Josef Stalin, and Stalin was the leader of that great dream which, to be sure, failed, but which gripped a great many prominent Americans during the period of its hypnotic trance over minds given to making ideological commitments, and declining to examine evidence undermining the reasons for making that commitment. In those days, the Communists did exactly what one would expect conscientiously organized revolutionaries to do. They worked to extend their influence, and to diminish the influence of those they opposed. During the war, Warner Studios had produced *Mission to Moscow*, a film that might have been written by the KGB: but after all, we were partners of Moscow at that time. MGM produced *Song of Russia*. Ayn Rand testified before the investigating committee that the film was very simply Communist propaganda. Louis B. Mayer, although a heatedly cooperative witness who named a dozen-times-more screenwriters, directors, and actors than Robert Taylor did, declined to classify the political content of *Song of Russia* but did say that it was true that Robert Taylor had objected to playing in the film, but that such was the enthusiasm of the United States Government to see it produced, that a deferment was given to Mr. Taylor, who went from completing *Song of Russia* to service in the Navy as a fighter pilot.

When Robert Taylor's turn came to testify, what he said was that Communists were very active in Hollywood, that they used many techniques of disruption in order to further their enterprise. Asked to name names, he gave out only three. Howard da Silva and Karen Morley (actors) he characterized as disrupters at meetings of the Screen Writers Guild, without weighing in on whether they were motivated as Communists. He went on to say that a third—the writer Lester Cole—had been identified by others as a Communist, but that he did not know whether this was true or not [it was true]. Beyond that, Taylor simply said he would not willingly act alongside a Communist actor, so strongly did he object to Communist practices abroad.

It is the thesis of the objection by the Zimmerman group that merely to have named names was a morally disqualifying act. Leaving aside the question whether this is so, one wonders if the same protestors are prepared to boycott the distribution of any films produced by Warner (Jack Warner testified endlessly about specific Communists in Hollywood) or Louis B. Mayer (who did the same thing); or films in which Gary Cooper appeared, or John Wayne, or Ronald Reagan, Robert Montgomery, George Murphy; or films directed by Leo McCarey, or written by Morrie Ryskind. John Charles Moffit, film critic for *Esquire*, testified that 44 plays out of one hundred produced on Broadway during the 1936–44 seasons used "material to further the Communist line." And gave the names of the writers who conspired to inject pro-Communist sentiment into these plays.

It was a big fight, and the Communists used every weapon to distort what we now know of as the truth, weapons used by their counterparts in the Soviet Union and in Eastern Europe. Finally, they failed. And now, in a gesture of retroactive vindictiveness, the statue of Robert Taylor has been removed from the public square, and replaced with director George Cukor, who not long before his death in 1983 made a reference to his predecessor: "Robert Taylor was my favorite actor. He was a gentleman. That's rare in Hollywood." □

(Universal Press Syndicate)

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OFF THE RECORD

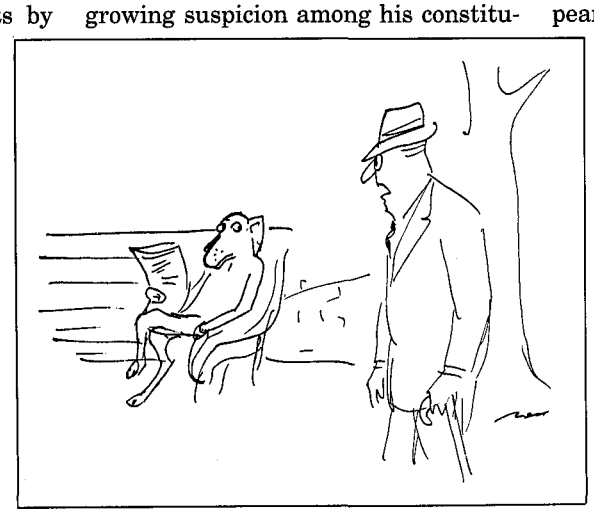
■ What makes the Republicans fear victory so? Back in June, President Bush unveiled a campaign-reform package that would go a long way toward eliminating the political protectionism that now gives House incumbents a 97.7 per cent re-election rate, a lower turnover than the Politburo. But a key portion of this program is now threatened by a familiar old enemy: Republican backsliding.

According to the Republican Study Committee report, House Republican leader Bob Michel has promised to cooperate with House Speaker Tom Foley to bring the issue of campaign reform to the floor as early as April. The $100 million question here (the lowest estimate for the amount of soft-money unions donate to political campaigns) is whether this will include legislation to implement the Beck decision, which gives workers the right to demand back any of their dues money that supported political campaigns, a major source of funding for the Democrats. Although a key part of President Bush's package, this is not likely to get by Foley.

Thus the rumor on the Hill is that Minority Leader Michel, emphasis on minority, may cut a deal to remove the Beck provisions from the campaign reform. Should this happen, any resulting reform would continue to skew things in favor of the Democrats by leaving their prime source of campaign aid untouched. "Any [campaign] package without Beck plays right into the union leaders' hands," says one participant, "and if Michel thinks that's going to help Republicans he's a fool." Not a fool, just a member of the loyal opposition intent on remaining one.

■ Elsewhere in the party, the rift between social conservatives and the Republican establishment widens. At issue, of course, is abortion and the "big tent" speeches of Republican National Committee Chairman Lee Atwater. The social conservatives claim that by emphasizing the big-tent idea (that the party is broad enough to accommodate all views on abortion) it sends the signal that the Republicans do not consider abortion an important issue and encourages pro-abortion Republicans to rewrite the party platform. They point out that the Republicans do not advocate a big tent for those who favor tax increases or gutting the defense budget, even though there are Republicans who favor both. "We're not suggesting a litmus test," says one pro-lifer. "We're suggesting that the rhetoric is wrong."

The disputes led to a recent meeting between Chairman Atwater and Gary Bauer, former domestic-policy advisor to President Reagan and now president of the Family Research Council. Mr. Bauer had earlier sent a six-page memo to RNC state members and party chairmen outlining his objections, along with a letter to Mr. Atwater. At the meeting, held on "neutral" territory, the chairman said that his program had the White House's approval and that the party would continue along those lines. Mr. Bauer—who had challenged Mr. Atwater either to debate him on abortion or to moderate another debate with a pro-abortion Republican—repeated the growing suspicion among his constituency that the GOP officials are selling them out. The meeting ended with no agreement.



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"I say, shouldn't you be on a leash?"

■ Doubtless most Republican officials would just as soon see the abortion issue go away. But the passions it arouses ensures that it won't, and Cato wonders how in touch the Republican establishment is with its grassroots. Ann Stone, wife of Republican consultant Roger Stone, might get a nice mention in *Time* for starting up a pro-choice Republican group, but that sort of thing raises doubts in the heartland. For a great many people their allegiance to the Republican Party begins and ends with abortion. Indeed, in every state where restrictive abortion legislation has come up for a vote pro-lifers have won. It ought to question the wisdom of having Lee Atwater go out of his way to reassure one hundred pro-choice demonstrators outside RNC headquarters on the very same day that more than 75,000 people were amassed a few blocks away in the annual "March for Life." Get ready for a repeat Republican disaster at the polls this November.

■ Finally, the response to the dramatic rollback of Communism in the Eastern bloc has not always been, shall we say, politic. There is the example of the U.S. Ambassador to Hungary, Mark Palmer, who quickly resigned his post to take part in a consortium hoping to capitalize (no pun intended) on the new investment opportunities there. Even among the more altruistic groups there have been embarrassing moments. Cato hears that during a recent meeting in Budapest designed to help Eastern Europeans in the art of politics, one prominent American conservative told members of Hungary's Alliance of Free Democrats that they "have to want to win . . . You have to want to be the people in the black limousines." The remark went over like last week's goulash, because most Hungarians associate the men in the black limousines with murder. In 1956, tens of thousands of people were executed by such men during the Hungarian uprising, and many of those Free Democrats are children of these victims. Words have consequences, too. —CATO

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